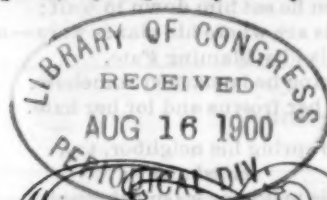


# Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1900



DANIEL STEELE

*H*AD Steele been born in old Judean lands  
When God walked forth from out the human race,  
He would have seen divinity in hands  
That Mary kissed, and on that young man's face.

He would have seen the Temple's glory fade,  
The old traditions held as little worth,  
And felt that God was near to him who prayed,  
And nothing vital had passed from the earth.

Love understands, and knows not how to doubt,  
Her God is not confined to parchment scrolls  
That human thought may scan and strive about,  
But lives within the deeps of sunlit souls.

He who such tidings down to men could bring  
Of "Love Enthroned," as from a holy place,  
Interprets best the writings of the King;  
He reads them in the light of his own face.

Steele stands today among us as our seer;  
And while old forms of thought new faces wear,  
Troubling men's souls, he sees both deep and clear,  
And speaks his strengthening word: "Lo! God is there."

Hear for us, master, dull our ears have grown!  
See for us, master, bolden are our eyes!  
Speak to our hearts faith's clear, unfaltering tone,  
For love, more than all learning, makes thee wise.

Written for Zion's Herald by  
Rev. Alfred J. Hough

E. L. Moore

### After the Plants are Set

In the spring he bought a hoe,  
And he set  
Plants in many an even row,  
While the sweat  
Stood in beads upon his brow,  
Then he sat him down to wait;  
Weeds are where his plants were — now  
He is idly blaming Fate,  
Thinking he is marked somehow,  
For her frowns and for her hate.

In the spring his neighbor, too,  
Hoed away;  
But his neighbor wasn't through  
On the day  
That the plants were set a-row:  
Patiently he labored there  
With his hands and with the hoe;  
Day by day with watchful care  
He induced the plants to grow,  
And his crop is rich and rare!

He whose hope is in the pen  
Or the hoe,  
He that copes with other men  
Here below  
Fails if when the plants are set  
All the rest is left to Fate:  
No man ever managed yet  
To be numbered with the great  
Who could for a day forget  
Men must work on while they wait.  
— S. E. Kiser.

### President McKinley and Secretary Hay

SEEING the two men together and knowing them both pretty intimately, I am often tempted to wonder how Hay and the President ever came to be such staunch friends. It must be a case of mutual attraction of opposites, for two human beings more absolutely unlike in temperament I never saw. People sometimes express their astonishment at the way the President keeps his health under the burdens he has been carrying for three years. If he took life as hard as Hay does, he would have broken down long ago, for he has helped to bear Hay's load and the load of seven others, besides that which the Lord and the Constitution have strapped to his individual shoulders. His secret consists in refusing to let things worry him. By this I do not mean that he is not sometimes annoyed, but he never lets his feelings pass that state. It is as if he carried the troublesome things of life in a bag; when night comes he simply draws the puckering string and the mouth of the bag is closed and he can use it as a pillow if he chooses, without any fear that the things inside will get out to disturb him till morning. One might almost fancy him a fatalist with his perfect content to recognize the inevitable and face it without a murmur.

I have seen him, when a big question was up and one group of senators were pulling him in one direction and another group were tugging at him in another, hear both sides most amiably, and then, as soon as they were out of the way, lay the whole subject away and turn his mind elsewhere. But this did not mean that he had lost sight of it. I said to him on one such occasion: "Mr. President, you seem to be very cheerful in the presence of this dilemma; don't you mind it?" "Why, what's the use of letting it bother me?" he responded; "whichever way I decide this matter, I am bound to offend one side. What I shall do will be to make up my mind as near as I can as to what seems the best course, tell the senators with whom I side that they are responsible for the arguments which brought me around, and that I shall leave it with them to defend me. What more

could I do if I lay awake nights for the rest of the winter?"

That is his philosophy in a nutshell: Don't be uncomfortable over what you can't mend. Do the best you can, and make somebody else share your accountability. It is a very happy faculty; I wish we all had more of it. — LINCOLN, in *Boston Transcript*.

### President McKinley's First Pastor

REV. A. P. MORTON, a retired Methodist preacher who is visiting friends in Canton, Ohio, on Aug. 6 renewed an old acquaintance with the President. He was Mr. McKinley's first pastor, and took him into membership in the little church at Poland.

"William McKinley was converted at a revival meeting," said Mr. Morton, "while he was a student at the Poland Academy. No one urged him to make a declaration; he acted voluntarily and seemed to have had his mind fully made up before mentioning the matter to any one. As a young man he was active in church work, and when he had anything to say he said it in a forcible manner. He was always careful of his acts and words and always confident that he was right. I have often heard him say he meant to lead a Christian life. When he was young many of us thought he would become a preacher, but about the time he would have begun study for the ministry he enlisted in the army. — *New York Sun*.

### Something to Think About Seriously

[From *The Pilot*.]

HERE is a bit of interested testimony on the decadence of Protestant church-going in rural New England, from a sketch by Allen Chesterfield, in the *Congregationalist* of August 2:

"A party started last Sunday morning from a New Hampshire summer resort to attend church in a town several miles distant. The drive along shady roads, fragrant with the breath of pine and hemlock, was endurable, not to say enjoyable, but this party was made up of honestly disposed religious people in the habit of going to church every Sunday the year through. They were not out for the ride only. But as they drew near their destination they were surprised not to see any families or individuals wending their way to the sanctuary. Plenty of loafers there were idling on the grass and awaiting the arrival of the next electric car, but not a sign of church-going or a silvery peal from the belfry. The doors of the church edifice were closed and locked."

Inquiries revealed the fact that the minister was away on his vacation, and that none of the Protestant churches would have a morning service. Whereupon Mr. Chesterfield:

"So the city people resumed their seats in the carriage and meditated on their homeward journey on this new aspect of the country religious problem. There may be some excuse for city churches closing their doors on Sunday, but that the leading church in a smart New Hampshire town of 1,800 inhabitants should, for four successive Sundays, give up its service at a time when many strangers would naturally be present, and when only a small fraction of the regular parishioners could possibly be out of town, was a sad revelation of the religious indifference of that community. I shall not be surprised to hear before long that the church is to be closed for a year in order that both pastor and people may have their proper amount of rest."

This writer's experience might have been duplicated on the same Sunday in a hundred towns in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine. The spiritual and moral dry rot which is destroying the older element of the population of rural New England, calls for a check which Protestantism cannot supply.

### The Negro South and North

REV. MR. GRAHAM, pastor of a New Orleans colored Methodist Episcopal Church, whose life has been mostly spent at the North, publishes a communication in the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, in which, among other things, he says: "From my experience in the North, I am satisfied that there is not one city in the North where this large number (80,000 or 90,000) of colored people could get along nearly so well as they do here. As for prejudice, that is everywhere, and merely differs with education. In the North they open their hotels, restaurants, soda-fountains and theatres to us, that we may spend our money; but if we went on to a wall to lay brick, every white man would quit. Every carpenter lays down his tools if a black carpenter appears, and so in all the trades and shops with few exceptions. I never saw a black mason building a wall, nor a black carpenter erecting a house until I came South. — *Boston Herald*.

### Business and the Negro Vote

THE explanation of the action of Northern capitalists interested in North Carolina mills is found in their recognition that the preservation of law and order, the safety of the social and political fabric, and the development to their fullest of the economic possibilities of the State—and hence the security of their investments—demanded that the Negro vote be eliminated.

That's the story and the whole of it—the story that has been repeated over and over again at the South. It is, indeed, rare that a Northern man becomes financially interested in this section, or, if he be not a politician, makes his home among our people, that he is not quick to recognize that the great drawback to the South in the domain of her every interest, has been Negro suffrage. — *Richmond (Va.) Dispatch*.

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# Zion's Herald

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## Zion's Herald

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

### Indictment of Imperialism

The leading political event of the week is Mr. Bryan's speech of acceptance at Indianapolis, August 8. There are those who can see nothing good in an opponent, recognize nothing convincing in his arguments, or credit him with sincerity in his most sacred pledges. For all such, Mr. Bryan's speech will have no meaning. That somewhat loosely defined body commonly called "the American people" will find in the speech much food for thought; and the political managers of both parties will be compelled to reckon with it. Dignity and soberness, sincerity and virility, eloquence and frankness, unite to give tone and character to what he has said well. It is a matter of immense surprise that after so rigorously insisting that the convention which nominated him should declare itself in favor of the coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, the speech of acceptance practically ignores that question and addresses itself solely to the "paramount issue." A recognized authority declares that neither Senator Hoar, Carl Schurz, nor ex-Governor Boutwell, nor all of them together, have produced a more masterly indictment of imperialism. The indictment can only be answered by argument addressed to the reason, and by massing facts to show that the party for which he speaks is not to be trusted to carry out the promises he makes. This will not be difficult, especially the latter part. To arraign his opponents as a party of trusts mortgaged to money is to invite voters to consider who compose the New York Ice Trust, and to ask if there is any organization on the face of the earth where money counts for more than it does in the councils of Tammany Hall. To talk about subverting the rights of the Filipinos as an iniquity beyond forgiveness, is to suggest the inquiry whether the party which has just voted to disfranchise the Negro in North Carolina is to be summoned into power to safeguard the political rights of any people whose skin is not white. Four years ago many people looked upon Mr. Bryan as a fascinating speaker, choosing his words chiefly for their temporary effect—perhaps he was; but he no longer mistakes sound for sense, and he has made a strong plea for his side, fortifying it with a definite announcement of what he would do if elected, and thus present-

ing, squarely and without qualification, the opportunity to choose between the two candidates.

### Steamers on the Dead Sea

The United States Consul at Annaberg, Germany, is authority for the statement that a steamer is now on her way to Palestine, destined for service on the Dead Sea. She is about one hundred feet long, will carry thirty-four passengers, and will be used to expedite traffic between Jerusalem and Kerak, the ancient capital of the land of Moab. The promoters of this new enterprise are the members of a Greek Cloister in Jerusalem. It will be managed entirely by Germans, and an order has been given for the building of another steamer. There has been an influx of tourists of late years, and the trade of Kerak with the desert is on the increase. It is now the principal commercial city east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, with a population of about 1,800 Christians and 6,000 Moslems. Among the chief frequenters of its markets are the merchants of Hebron. This introducing modern transportation facilities in that part of the world marks a new era. For thousands of years the Dead Sea has been a forsaken solitude.

### Old Home Week in Maine

When Governor Rollins of New Hampshire suggested a year ago that the sons and daughters of the State should be invited to return to their former homes for a general reunion, he laid thousands of people under lasting obligations to him, and had the immediate satisfaction of seeing his timely suggestion put in practice. Maine adopted the custom this year, and stole a march on her neighbor by appointing her celebration a week earlier than that of the Granite State. Portland led off early in the week with a grand celebration to which the presence of five men-of-war greatly contributed. Governor Powers was there to welcome the visitors in the name of the State, and "Tom" Reed came on from New York because Maine could not get along without him. He received an ovation that showed how large a place he still holds in the heart and the thought of the people of his native State. Bangor, Belfast, Rockland, Bath, Brunswick, and other cities had grand celebrations built, like Portland's, on the Fourth-of-July model, and all successful after their fashion. Great crowds thronged the streets, and multitudes came from near and far to meet and greet the friends of earlier days. All this is well, but it may be doubted whether this was quite what Governor Rollins had in mind at the time he made the suggestion. So far as it serves to call home the far-wandering sons and daughters, it will help to perpetuate a holiday which will cheer the desolate

homes from which they went to seek their fortunes; but no celebration of Old Home Week can be a success that does not bring the boys and girls back to the old homestead, to revive the old days, revisit the old haunts, worship in the old meeting-house, and place flowers, bedewed with tears, on the graves in the old burying-ground. The men, who, as Mr. Reed said, "have made at least one broad belt from ocean to ocean the scene of strong endeavor and of successful and vigorous life," can best overcome that "incapacity for relaxation" which characterizes them by going straight home, renewing their youth, cheering the hearts of those who have missed them, and creating what a recent writer well names the "homing instinct."

### Von Waldersee

The Emperor William has appointed Field Marshal Count von Waldersee as commander-in-chief of the German forces serving in China, and it is reported that he will sail from some Italian port, about the 21st, for Shanghai. Entering the German army in 1850, at the age of eighteen, he saw service in the wars with Austria and France, and became a quartermaster general in 1882, serving on the general staff of Von Moltke. As Field Marshal he will rank all the other foreign officers serving in China, and for this reason it has been assumed that he will be accepted by the Powers as commander-in-chief of the international forces. It is more than likely that he was selected with that end in view, and quite probable that the Emperor has assurances that he will be acceptable to a majority of the Powers; but the present campaign in China is to effect the release of the envoys, and it is devoutly to be hoped this may be done long before Von Waldersee can reach China. It is understood that there is to be no single leader of the army of relief, unless it should be necessary to lay siege to Peking. The suggestion that the Emperor has appointed Von Waldersee because he intends to exercise a controlling influence in the affairs of China when the present disturbances are quieted, is entirely within the range of probabilities. Germany's hand will be seen, and her foot will be felt, in China for many years to come.

### Voicing their Wrongs in the World's Capital

In Westminster Town Hall, London, Negroes from all over the world met in conference, July 23-26, to voice the wrongs they suffer in all lands, and to discuss the best methods of securing justice which seems to be everywhere denied them. Bishop Alexander Walters of the African Methodist Episcopal Church presided at the opening session, supported by an ex-attorney general of Liberia on one hand,



and an aide-de-camp of Menelek, Emperor of Abyssinia, on the other. Only a few weeks before, there had been a conference of the South African aborigines at Pietermaritzburg, which decided to form a league to protect their interests, and their wrongs were given tongue by distinguished speakers sent to London for the purpose. The Negro of the West Indies was well represented, and for once had the opportunity to tell a part of his side of the story concerning the British islands and the status of the Negro. Professor Du Bois of Atlanta University spoke wisely and well, and the same might be said of other speakers, who have given time and thought to the great difficulties which have been heaped upon the Negro. Many distinguished Englishmen availed themselves of the opportunity to meet the world's representatives, and they now know that the British colonies openly refuse the Negro the rights guaranteed all other citizens by law. Some of the wrongs inflicted on the helpless natives in South Africa have been brought under the searchlight of English public opinion, and great good must needs follow this part of the work undertaken by the conference. It was decided to form a permanent Pan-African Association, to meet once in two years, and Bishop Walters was elected president. The next meeting will be held in the United States, and the meeting of 1904 will be held in Hayti.

#### Insatiable Pension Agents

The vindictive attempts by pension agents to create a prejudice against the administration of the pension office ought to deceive nobody. During the last thirty-five years the United States has paid for pensions and the maintenance of the system the enormous sum of \$2,612,329,690, and before the last pensioner of the Civil War shall have passed to his reward the present rates will call for a further expenditure of at least two billion dollars. Russia spends 22 per cent. of all her revenues in the maintenance of a standing army of a million men; France expends exactly the same proportion for her army of 589,000 men; and Germany's army of 585,000 is maintained by the expenditure of about \$145,000,000 annually. The total revenue of the United States last year was \$568,988,948, and 24 per cent. of that sum (\$138,462,172) was set aside for pensions.

#### Standard Oil Dividends

The recent fire at Bayonne, N. J., made it necessary for the Standard Oil Company to set aside two million dollars to cover its loss there. On this account the next dividend will be eight per cent. instead of ten. Eight per cent. is considered an exceedingly good investment, but besides this there was a ten per cent. dividend declared in June, and another of twenty per cent. in March — thirty-eight per cent. in all. The company is capitalized at \$100,000,000, and when the dividend just declared is paid, the stockholders will have received during the preceding two years about \$78,000,000. It is expected that another dividend of ten per cent. will be declared during the year, representing an annual division of more money than is paid in dividends by all the national banks in the country, and exceeding by about nine million dollars the annual interest on the national debt. This

is the most successful of all the combinations, and, taking it altogether, it has given back more to the people than any other organization of its kind. The results it has achieved show the tremendous power of combination, and it is with combinations such as this that the public must reckon.

#### Validity of Virginia's New Law

The cars in which the Negroes are compelled to ride by the statutes of certain States are uniformly called "Jim Crow" cars, and all the laws discriminating against Negroes are called "Jim Crow" laws. It was recently noted that Virginia's new law compelling Negroes to ride in separate cars had been construed as applying to street cars, and now comes the news that a white officer was not allowed to take a Negro prisoner into the cars reserved for white people, that he refused to travel in the "Jim Crow" cars, and that the railroad company will have the courts pass upon the validity of the law. There is very little doubt that it will be sustained, but in the meantime a new difficulty has come up. Some of the most aristocratic families in the Old Dominion are proud of tracing their ancestry back to Pocahontas, and the Pamunkey Indians resent the interpretation of the new law which compels them to ride with the Negroes. They will take their complaints to the courts also, and it looks as if the decision might be in their favor.

#### Drunkenness Among Women

At the thirtieth annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, held in Philadelphia, last week, the most startling note of warning was that sounded by Mrs. Lake of St. Louis. It has been rumored for some time that certain department stores in the larger cities were building up quite a trade in selling to women intoxicants to be drunk on the premises, and that the facilities afforded women for indulging in intoxicating liquors were responsible for much drunkenness. Such reports are easily started, but it is hard to ascertain the facts. In a paper read by Mrs. Lake, who is third vice-president of the Union, several authorities were quoted in support of the statement that there is a very marked increase in the number of women who drink to excess. No single evil can be fraught with more serious consequences than this, and no field offers wider encouragement for inquiry. All lovers of the home, whether they call themselves Protestants or Roman Catholics, total abstainers or moderate drinkers, prohibitionists or supporters of license, are in duty bound to heed this warning note.

#### Octopus Extraordinary

It quite takes away one's breath to listen to the demands made by the representatives of the International Farmers' Trust, to which reference was made in these columns last April, and which now has a permanent organization and stated plans. Representatives met in Paris last month and decided that instead of reducing the acreage twenty per cent., as had been suggested, it would be far better to get the rice-eaters to eat wheat. The president of this new combination is quoted as saying: "We in America have decided that the price of wheat in Liverpool shall be one dollar a bushel; when it falls to ninety-

nine cents, we will give the signal to hold." As contributing to this the farmers of the Mississippi Valley met in Topeka last week and formed a trust with a capital of \$20,000,000. Representatives were present from Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, and Oklahoma, and the president of the trust says he already has a million dollars pledged. The Government will be called upon to open markets in foreign countries, to subsidize ships to carry the products of the trusts to these markets, to abolish the interstate commission, bucket-shops, and the forecasting of crop reports, and to take charge of all terminals in the country. Four great agricultural societies are said to have endorsed these propositions, but what is to become of the platform adopted at Kansas City has not been divulged.

#### Activity in the Philippines

Disquieting reports continue to come from Mindanao, and it may be necessary to increase the American forces there. About a thousand of the insurgents are said to be busy fortifying the mountains and the passes to prevent the movement of our soldiers. This island is larger than the State of Maine, and its physical features are such as to make travel extremely difficult even under the most favorable circumstances. The Malay population acknowledges allegiance to local chiefs who are adepts at treachery and cunning. It is quite likely that there may be more fighting on this island before the end of the year. From Manila comes the news that on the first of September the Taft Commission will become the legislative body for the Philippines, with full legislative powers to raise money for carrying on the government, to establish judicial and educational systems, and to enact laws. For the present General MacArthur will continue as the executive head to enforce the laws and carry out the instructions of the Commission, but as soon as affairs will warrant the change the Commission will recommend the appointment of a Civil Governor. We still hear of Archbishop Chapelle and his work there, and recognize his influence in the report that the Commission has already begun the examination of the heads of the religious orders regarding the property claimed by them.

#### Needless Canal Complications

There is no doubt that the United States Government will control any canal that may be cut across the Isthmus of Panama, and it is a pity that so many unnecessary complications should be produced by private enterprises. Many indications point to the Nicaraguan route as the most likely to be selected. Nearly twelve years ago an American company secured a concession for a canal from the Nicaraguan Government. Ten years were allowed in which to complete the examination necessary, but before that time expired the first company sold its rights to a second. Very little real work was done except to try to secure an appropriation from Congress. The concession expired October 1, 1898, but the Nicaraguan Government had decided long before that time that the company would not accomplish anything, and so it



granted a second concession to a syndicate. A protest being entered, and an appeal being made to our Government, there was an attempt at arbitration, which failed. Next the Nicaraguan courts decided that the first concession had been nullified by a failure to comply with its terms, and the Nicaraguan Congress revoked the grant and ordered the removal of the property of the company from Greytown. This action provoked much discussion, but it is purely a legal question to be decided by the courts. Now comes the report that the second concession has been declared forfeited because the syndicate has not met its financial obligations to the Nicaraguan Government. This will furnish more work for the courts. A commission, appointed by Congress, to decide upon the most favorable route, is now engaged in preparing its final report to be submitted at the next session.

#### Against the Liquor Traffic

An important question has been decided in a municipal court in Maine, and decided in a manner that will commend itself to the good sense of nine-tenths of the common people, whatever the higher courts may say. Under the interstate commerce act intoxicating liquors, known to be for sale in violation of law, if shipped from one State to another, cannot be seized while in transit. That is, intoxicants purchased in Boston for sale in Maine are exempt from all State control until they are actually delivered to the consignee. Certain liquors thus bought were shipped to Lewiston, and deposited in the storehouse of the railroad; they were seized by the local authorities under the prohibition laws; but the railroad claimed that there was no delivery, although thirty-six hours had passed after they were unloaded before they were seized. The municipal court says such a claim is absurd, since if sustained it would make every freight-house in the State a legitimate depository for intoxicating liquors, and rules that the liquor was liable to seizure the moment it was deposited. In the case of a shipment from New York to Lewiston, where the liquors were landed at Portland for transshipment, the court holds that the instant they were landed they were liable to seizure unless they were accompanied by a through bill of lading. These two decisions define where Federal jurisdiction ends and State control begins, and if confirmed by the supreme court will make the enforcement of law much easier.

#### Urban Population

The announcement of the census returns for the city of Washington, showing an increase in population of less than twenty-one per cent., was a great surprise; and when Cincinnati's increase was shown to be less than ten per cent., many cities began to revise their estimates. Buffalo shows a gain of 37.77 per cent., Providence, 32.88 per cent., Louisville, 27.06 per cent., and Milwaukee makes a better showing than any of these. Chicago is disappointed that the official census does not credit her with a population of two millions, as the political enumeration gave her 2,012,000. It is not unlikely that other cities will have a similar experience. During the last decade the electric cars

have widened the municipal zones, and the urban population has gone outside the corporate limits. This has made the estimates based on the city directories unreliable. It has been customary to multiply the number of names by two and one-half, and take the result as an estimate of the population, but the divergence between the resident population and the business population has been constantly increasing. The last decade has not witnessed the coming of as many immigrants as former decades, and this is another reason why the increase in the urban population has been smaller than increasing. When the reports are all in, they are quite likely to show that the percentage of rural and suburban population has increased considerably during the last ten years.

#### Chinese Complications

The latest authentic news from China is the appointment of Li Hung Chang as envoy extraordinary to treat with the Powers for "a suspension of hostilities." The term is somewhat vague, for, technically speaking, there are no hostilities. War has not been officially declared by any of the Powers now represented in China. They are all bent on the one object of relieving their envoys shut up in Peking. The reply of the United States accepts Li Hung Chang as a peace commissioner, but points out that there can be no negotiations until the Ministers are placed in free communication with their respective governments, and that if China is really in earnest she can best serve her interests by opening the way. Passing on from Peking, the allies took Yang-tsun with less difficulty than was anticipated, and are reported in force at Tsai-tsun, six miles further up the river, and about half way from Tien-Tsin to Peking. Their progress has been quite remarkable, and the losses have not been as heavy as reported. The heat is terrific and sickness is rife, but there are no signs of weakness. The opposition is less formidable than was anticipated, and the allies are making a splendid record.

It is not easy to decide just what is taking place in Manchuria, for the news is well censored by Russian authorities and comes very slowly. Russia has taken Newchang, but Irkutsk, a long distance inland and within Russian territory, is said to be threatened by the Chinese. They succeeded in capturing Hai-Cheng, but a considerable Russian force has been sent to recapture it. The report comes from Tsitsikhar that there are 90,000 Chinese soldiers in the neighborhood, but that is probably an exaggeration. They have seriously interrupted communication, and have destroyed considerable railroad mileage, but it is believed that the Russians will soon close in on them from two directions and reopen communication. Russia has given her envoy permission to start for Tien-Tsin if he is satisfied that the Chinese are prepared to defend him. The fact is significant because it indicates that Russia is prepared to act independently.

The British are landing troops at Shanghai against the protests of Li Hung Chang, who declares that the peace of all that part of the country will be endangered by this move. The French are said to anticipate an insurrection in Tonquin,

and it is hinted that few if any of the French troops now on their way to China will be available as reinforcements to the allies trying to reach Peking. The news from the upper valley of the Yang-tse is disquieting, for there are signs of an outbreak of violence which will entail serious consequences. There may yet be peace, but all the signs point to troublous times.

#### Events Worth Noting

The funeral services of the late King Humbert were held in Rome last Thursday.

Three ships, carrying \$545,000 worth of gold, arrived in San Francisco last week from Cape Nome. This is the largest amount transported since the discovery of treasure there.

The Queen prorogued Parliament, August 8. In her speech she authorized the annexation of the Orange Free State, and indicated her desire to punish the Chinese. There is a tacit understanding that there will be a general election before Parliament meets again, although no time has yet been named for it.

Over 120,000 men of the army reserves of Germany have volunteered for service in China. A corps composed of about 20,000 is to be formed for immediate service in that country.

Four thousand persons at Nome, Alaska, have signed a petition asking the Government to send transports to convey them to the United States before navigation closes, which is in less than two months. There are between fifteen and twenty thousand people there, of whom ten thousand are practically destitute.

The publishing house of Harper & Brothers was sold at auction on the 9th inst. for \$1,100,000 to Alexander E. Orr, chairman of the reorganization committee. The business is to be continued under the old firm name.

For the month of June the statement of the comptroller of the Treasury shows that the assets of the national banks of the country were \$4,944,965,623 — the highest point ever reached. Last year the number of banks reporting was 3,583, and this year it is 3,732. The circulating maximum has increased \$65,944,635 since last year.

A New Orleans grand jury has indicted five white men for murder as leaders in the mobs during the recent anti-Negro riots, and also six Negroes for assisting the Negro desperado, Charles.

There is a movement to transport Negro plantation hands from Louisiana to Hawaii. Thirty or forty families will be taken out as an experiment.

It is reported from Italy that the Government is charging its American ambassador with negligence in connection with his instructions to keep a sharp watch on the Italian anarchists in the United States. A considerable fund was placed to his credit to employ detectives, and he is said to have been very slow to avail himself of it.

Excluding the Fourth Brigade, about 18,000 effective British soldiers, with as many more followers, twelve pieces of artillery and fourteen machine guns, will be en route to China from India by the middle of next month.

The Adams wind-splitting or cigar-shaped train covered the distance from Philadelphia to Baltimore in one hour and forty-one minutes. At times the speed of the train was at the rate of eighty-two miles an hour. Before this the record-time was one hour and fifty-three minutes.



### BAD, GOOD, BEST

THE personal attitude of men in regard to religion comes under one or the other of three categories. In the first class, beginning at the bottom, the first and by far the most numerous, come those who prefer their own pleasure to the will of God. They do not ask what is duty, but what promises delight. A good time with them means the gratification of the senses and the carrying out of their own impulses. Self is supreme, and its mandates are implicitly followed. They live for the passing hour, and the future is thrust as far as possible out of sight.

In the second class come those who have learned that it pays better in every way to yield their own pleasure to the will of God. They look beyond the present and the external to that which is abiding and that which is within. They find a deeper joy in living for the higher self, in following the promptings of conscience rather than the lusts of the flesh. Having scrutinized the attractions of the world and found them hollow, they have turned their backs on its deceptive allurements and are seeking their happiness in worthier quarters. Nevertheless it often requires a severe struggle, the conflict is frequently fierce, the pains of self-denial are very real to them, and victory is hard-won.

Hence we discriminate a third class, to whom alone the adjective "best" properly applies. It is composed of those who find all their pleasure in the will of God. They are no longer in the primary ranks of the school of Christ. Their eyes have got fully opened to discern between good and evil, and they have discovered that the only genuine good is that which God sends, and that He sends no ill. Hence they accept His allotments, not with sighing, but with singing, counting it absurd not to choose what they know to be to their advantage. God to them is the only good. They see Him everywhere and always. Their pleasure is not dependent on circumstances; it is a perennial thing; theirs is the good part which no man can take away. What a pity that so few reach this highest class and master the secret of truest joy!

### THINE UPPER ROOM

EVERY thoughtful, devout soul has his upper room, into which may come only the communings of the Master and His chosen disciples; whose atmosphere is laden with choice Scripture texts rich in divine promises and associated experiences, and with lines of sacred songs that sing themselves in quaint, familiar melodies that thrill the inner ear. To this retreat the soul comes, as did of old the Master and His disciples. Within it only communings of holiest things are in keeping. To it the soul comes from the tumult and turmoil of the mart, from the dust and bustle of the street. Worldly cares are left without the door, and unworthy thoughts and plans, like soiled garments, are cast aside. The speech of the street, the hot debates of controversy, and the violent demands of selfishness, may not enter.

Happy the soul that keeps the upper room sacred to holy feet, and allows no irreverent step to fall on its floor; that

keeps its Scripture promises, like the pot of manna in the holy of holies, free from polluting touch or adulteration of earthly dust. Not Isaiah alone has heard the heavenly music and seen the temple pillars move responsively. To other eyes the veil has become diaphanous and the inner glory all-pervading. In the upper room Jesus' presence floods the soul.

Keep thine upper chamber holy! It is the place where the Master meets His reverent disciples—where He breaks the bread which is His body, and blesses the cup which is His blood; where He says, "Eat, drink, for in this ye do show the Lord's death, till He come." Here in the upper room, through its closed door, comes the risen Lord, as He came to the bereaved, disheartened disciples, and speaks His "Peace be unto you." Here you may know the gladness of the disciples when they saw the Lord; the joy of those returned from the forgotten weariness of the Emmaus journey; and of Peter saying, "We have seen the Lord—He is not dead, He is risen."

### Death of a Notable Missionary

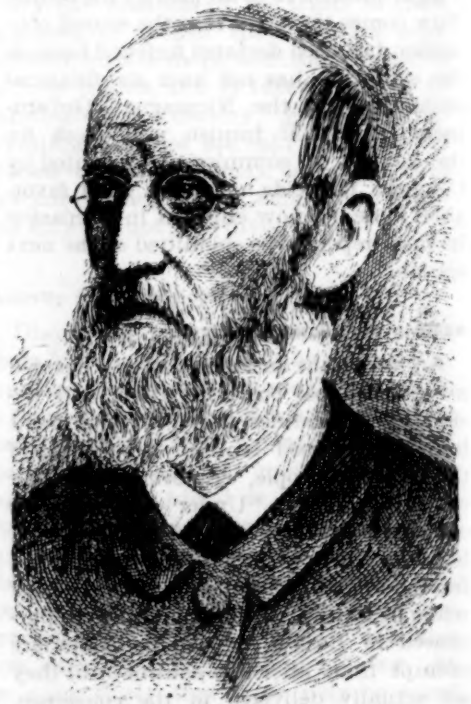
DR. CYRUS HAMLIN, who died in Portland, Me., August 8, was one of the most noteworthy missionary characters of this century. As the builder of Robert College, Constantinople, he accomplished an epochal work, in which Christendom at large has gratefully shared. We tenderly unite in the generous tributes to his life and work which will find expression not only in the religious but in the secular press. Dr. Hamlin and his wife have for some years made their home in Lexington, Mass. On Tuesday, the 7th, they went to Portland to share in the festivities connected with Old Home Week in that city. Wednesday evening he attended a reception at the Second Parish Church. Soon after he returned to the residence of his nephew, Mr. Farley, he complained of feeling pain, and dropped to the floor dead.

The story of Dr. Hamlin's life is romantic and heroic, characterized by much that is common in the career of our self-made great men. Born Jan. 5, 1811, in Waterford, Me., and his father dying when he was nine months old, he was early pressed into labor on the farm, and at the age of sixteen was "bound out" to his brother-in-law to learn the trade of a silversmith. Converted under the constraining ministry of the persuasive Payson, he immediately left his trade for the academy, and then in course the college and the theological seminary. When about thirty years of age he was ordained a minister of the Congregational Church, and was sent to Constantinople by the American Board of Foreign Missions. Dr. Hamlin's remarkable success is attributable very largely to the fact that he was more than the Christian scholar and preacher—that he was a man of affairs with practical eye, adaptableness and ability to meet and conquer emergencies. The following facts which appear in the public notices of his career forcefully and interestingly illustrate the fertility and genius of the man:

When he sailed for Constantinople he was instructed to found in that city a school for boys and native helpers. This he did, and he was so successful that his pupils were persecuted. The method of persecution was to stop the employment of the native helpers. Then young Hamlin established laundries and bakehouses and other industrial establishments, and got the people of Constantinople to help him. Then he employed in these industries all the natives

that had been thrown out of work on account of their change of faith.

When the Crimean war broke out he was making great headway in Constantinople. The wounded and prisoners were sent down to that city, and fresh troops from England stopped there on the way to the field. Florence Nightingale was there, and when the soldiers in the hospitals and the troops in quarters grumbled at the food that was supplied, she learned that Cyrus Hamlin, the young missionary, had bake-shops that turned out excellent bread.



REV. CYRUS HAMLIN, D. D.

Lord Raglan and his chief medical adviser learned this, too, and pretty soon Cyrus Hamlin's bread was sampled. The result was that no other bread was used thereafter. The bread was furnished to all the hospitals, and afterward, for a long time, several tons were made every day. The sick and the prisoners of war and all the soldiers in Constantinople were supplied with it.

The profits for the young clergyman were very great, but he turned them over to a church building fund, and over a dozen churches in the Turkish Empire were built and endowed with the money thus made.

Some time after this he left the active service of the American Board at the request of Christopher R. Robert, of New York, who wanted him to superintend the erection of a college in Constantinople. It was the first attempt at higher education, and the struggle to establish the college lasted seven years. The contest was with the Turkish Government, which refused permission to erect the building. Finally, at Roumeli Hissar, a suburb of Constantinople, Robert College was founded. Mr. Hamlin had been his own architect and builder. There was nobody in Constantinople to act as architect, and he studied night and day until he was able to design and superintend the erection of a college building.

Besides Robert College, he founded the Bebek Seminary. When he left Constantinople, in 1873, he left behind two institutions of higher learning, many schools, and the basis for unlimited missionary labor.

In the *Congregationalist* of Aug. 2, that paper, as it proved, "anointed him for his burial." There is an excellent portrait of him on the cover, and editorially it is said of him: "Is there a man in or out of the Congregational denomination who is better known or more universally honored because of his magnificent Christian service than Dr. Cyrus Hamlin? As the shadows



of declining days gather about him, he is passing a quiet but serene old age in the historic town of Lexington, and, though he has passed his eighty-ninth milestone, is still active and vigorous."

And Secretary Barton of the American Board pays a tribute which is both discriminating and inspiring. He says:—

"Probably no missionary in this century has made so profound a personal impression upon the Turkish Empire or so widely extended as has Dr. Cyrus Hamlin. It is currently reported in Constantinople that forty years ago tourists were advised by guides and residents to see the old walls about the ancient Stamboul, the Hippodrome, the Cisterns, the palaces of the Sultan, and Dr. Hamlin. His impressive personality coupled with his aggressive inventiveness and marked ability made him a man never to be forgotten, when once he had been known."

"All of his early pupils in Bebek Seminary carried with them to their distant homes, and those who have died to their graves, the distinct stamp made upon them by this man of genuine sympathy and yet of masterful energy. Only a few months ago I saw a letter from one of these old pupils, now a high official in the Turkish government. It was full of a spirit of love and devotion to the teacher whom the writer delighted to honor. In the living-room of many a humble home in Armenia and Koordistan the only picture upon the dark and bare walls is the face of the teacher whom his faithful pupils never ceased to love and of whom the persistently unfaithful ones never ceased to stand in holy awe. He occupies today in the hearts of some of the leading Protestants in Turkey a place similar to that occupied by the saints in the calendar of the old Gregorian devotees. They do not pray to him, but they thank God for him. Their voice is always tender when they speak of him."

"Dr. Hamlin persists in claiming that he did nothing in shaping the events that culminated in the building of Robert College, but that a wise Providence directed affairs in spite of himself and his own short-sighted policy. However that may be, we know well that in his own plans he revealed an insight into the future needs and conditions of the Turkish Empire that none of his colleagues or contemporaries either in Turkey or in the United States seemed to comprehend. He conceived the idea, amid almost universal opposition, that higher education in mission fields should be imparted through the medium of the English language, and that industries, in one form or another, should be taught as a part of the educational system. These two principles are well-known steps in the chain of events that led to the conception and erection of Robert College, and today, after more than half a century, they are in almost universal application in the foreign mission work of all the leading boards."

## THE BROWN CHAIR

AT a certain hour every morning, when the Brown Chair goes to the country post-office for his mail, he sees the stage-driver coming over the top of yonder hill—first the heads of his ragged horses, then the cracked stage-top, with its curtains rolled up, then the lumbering, mud-stained old vehicle, and finally the stage-driver himself on the front seat, stooping over his reins like a religious devotee over his beads. No mistaking that grave, sturdy, somnolent old man. He is a New England type as easily recognizable as the grizzled woodchuck sitting by his hole under the stone-wall, or the owl who blinks at you from his hollow in the tree. All that is *blase* and time-worn and sophisticated in country life is embodied in the old stage-driver. And he is always old—if not in years, yet in aspect and experience and sentiment. For stage-driving seems to antiquate a man more rapidly than any other employment upon earth. The perpetual going to and fro, up-hill and down-hill, over a limited stretch of heavy road, with the sand draining off the wheel-rim in a

ceaseless dry wash, and the loose-jointed stage creaking to the same old tune, day in and day out—how should it not make a man old and indifferent and *blase* before his time? I never saw a young stage-driver, unless it was his first season over the route. Even the boys, who sometimes share with their fathers, alternately, the monotony of the daily trips, get to look like little old men, beardless, with parchment skins and lustreless eyes and stooping shoulders.

\* \* \* \*

"Get in and ride a ways?" asks the stage-driver. So you climb aboard and sit down on the front seat beside him. For a mile or so he sits moping and swaying, in monosyllabic reserve, with copious expectation of bleached and characterless tobacco juice. But if you are patient and will ride a good piece with him, you shall have his philosophy of life, condensed and concrete and sufficiently plain.

To the old stage-driver all matters under the sun have an irresistible local tendency and significance, as if the cosmos were only a great tunnel tapering inevitably to the exact latitude and longitude and moment of time represented by Cadysville and Miller's Four Corners and the inhabited highway between them. Infinitesimal star-dust, planets, comets, systems, continents, principalities, republics, kings, presidents, history, science, religion and politics, all sweep down in vast concentric spirals upon that geographical entity minutely recognized upon the map as Cadysville; and all these things have significance only as they affect Cadysville and vicinity. Nothing is of the least account unless it has reached Cadysville—the nebular hypothesis, electricity, or the Kipling cult.

\* \* \* \*

But in spite of the fact that many new things have succeeded in overtaking Cadysville, after all, according to the stage-driver's philosophy, the world is not what it used to be—not one-half as wise, not one-half as good, not one-half as happy. Politics are a growing disgrace; modern improvements and comforts are enervating; science kills more than it cures. Simple herbs and Indian prescriptions afford the most reliable medicines. Books are ruining the boys and girls—their morals and their disposition and capacity for honest, practical work. The ministers of today are not the same sturdy, whole-hearted and sound-limbed race as in the old days, when they were wont to travel along the tops of fences, in times of freshet, to marry deserving young couples. Ah, me! how the times have degenerated since the stage-driver was a boy! "Get ap there, Jim!" The spiritless whip beats a thin puff of dust out of the ragged coat of the "nigh hoss," and the wheels of the stage sigh still more dolefully in the sifting sand.

"Yes, sir," says the old stage-driver, with a certain unctuous, meditative melancholy, as he slowly whips the dust-laden grass by the roadside, "the world is goin' to the dogs, and I ain't sorry, neither. It's time."

\* \* \* \*

Well, say I, God bless the old stage-driver, in spite of himself and his narrow views and his cherished pessimism! God bless him for his faithful service in summer heat and winter cold; for his rooted character, his gnarled and knotted honesty; for the kindness and helpfulness under that rough and gruff exterior! God bless him, and perpetuate the glimmer of his shirt-sleeves far off through the summer haze, and the jingle of his bells when the woods are bowed with snow! Far worse is the old man's mumbling bark than the bite of his kindly heart. His philosophy offends me not, while I see the children clinging to the old sleigh and to the driver's shaggy buffalo

coat in winter, as he chirrup his horses into Cadysville, or when I behold how carefully he stows away the soiled letter that he is to mail for the lame girl at Miller's Four Corners. There are too many optimists in the world whose lives discount their professions. I will thank God for one good pessimist, whom I can trust to be in all ways better and more genuine and more praiseworthy than his own views of life.

BROWN CHAIR.

## PERSONALS

—The death of Rev. Ezra B. Lake, aged 66 years, at Ocean City, N. J., was announced last week.

—Rev. Dr. J. O. Wilson, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, New York, has been elected national president of the Phi Gamma Delta Society.

—Rev. Albert R. Archibald, of the Northwest Iowa Conference, stationed at Brett, Iowa, called at this office last week. He is visiting his parents in Lynn.

—Miss Louise Manning Hodgkins, editor of the *Woman's Missionary Friend*, returned last week on the "New England" from her tour around the world.

—Dr. R. S. Cantine has served First Church, Los Angeles, Cal., for eight years. This, of course, includes two pastorates. He has just been invited to remain for another year.

—Lewis G. Westgate, Ph. D., has been called to the chair of geology of Ohio Wesleyan University. Prof. Westgate is the son of the late Professor Westgate, of Middletown, Conn.

—Rev. Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Thomson will sail from New York, on Sept. 5, by the steamer "Buffon" for Montevideo, South America. Dr. Thomson was a member of the late General Conference.

—Rev. G. Conte, pastor of our prosperous Italian Church in this city, has arranged a memorial service "in honor of the late King Humbert I. of Savoy" for the evening of August 13, at 287 Hanover St.

—The *Epworth Herald* says that Bishop Thoburn frequently runs in from Lake Bluff to the headquarters in Chicago for consultation with the committee about the great Twentieth Century evangelistic movement.

—Guy M. Walker, of New York, son of Rev. W. F. Walker, of Pekin, has been appointed upon the staff of General Chaffee, now in China, as interpreter, and is under orders to proceed to China as soon as possible.

—We are gratified to learn that Bishop Goodsell is preparing a new book, to be entitled, "Some Folks at Granite Bay." It is said to be after the style of Ian Maclaren's "Drumtochty" sketches, wrought out according to the literary and moral ideals of the good Bishop.

—Miss Rebecca C. Shepherd, a graduate of Lasell Seminary and daughter of W. T. Shepherd, of Boylston St., Boston, has been elected professor of modern languages in Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa. Miss Shepherd is now in Europe, but returns this month. Mr. Shepherd is conducting a party to the North Cape and Russia, and a cable announces his arrival in St. Petersburg, Aug. 4.

—Rev. Dr. T. B. Neely, corresponding secretary of the Sunday School Union and Tract Society, and editor of our Sunday-school literature, is taking hold of his duties with a strong and pertinent grasp. He is devoting himself exclusively and laboriously to the important interests which the church has committed to him, and the



good results are already manifest, especially in his editorial work, as is noted in our Book Table. He is proving, as we expected, the right man in a very important position.

—Rev. W. H. Jordan was urgently requested to return to First Church, Sioux Falls, S. D., for another year, making his sixth year on that charge.

—To save correspondence, the editor informs interested friends that his daughter, Miss Louisa F. Parkhurst, who has been in Vienna studying music for several months, returned home this week.

—Rev. W. F. Stuart, pastor of Palmer Memorial Church, Detroit, has been spending several weeks in Chicago. He occupied, very acceptably, the pulpit of Epworth Church in that city for two Sundays.

—Mr. Joseph William Hewitt, son of Rev. and Mrs. Hosea Hewitt of the Maine Conference, has recently received his A. M. degree from Harvard. Mr. Hewitt is a member of Epworth Church, Cambridge, and an earnest worker in the Epworth League.

—Rev. H. E. Foss, D. D., of First Church, Bangor, Me., is unanimously invited to Arch St. Church, Philadelphia, and has signified his acceptance, subject to the will of the appointing power, at the next session of the Philadelphia Conference. Dr. Foss had already been invited to return for the sixth year to the church he is now serving.

—Three years ago, Rev. C. H. Dunton, D. D., resigned the principalship of the Troy Conference Academy at Poultney, Vt., because weary with twenty-three years of work. There is a general feeling of pleasure and satisfaction at the announcement that he will again assume control of the institution at the opening of the school year in September.

—The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of last week observes: "Bishop Hamilton is still in the office of the Freedmen's Aid Society, and expects to finish his relations with that work within the next ten days, when he will start with his family for San Francisco. He preached last Sunday at Chautauqua, near Galesburg, Ill., and will preach next Sunday at Orion Assembly, Detroit, Mich."

—"Dr." John Alexander Dowie, "Overseer on Earth of the Christian Catholic Church," left Chicago last week for a trip through the Holy Land. The *New York Sun* says: "The community of Zion, though but seven years old, has amassed property worth at least \$1,000,000, all of which is in the name of Dr. John Alexander Dowie, not as trustee, but as absolute owner." This man was formerly a Congregational minister.

—Mrs. Katharine Lente Stevenson, president of the Massachusetts W. C. T. U., returned to Boston last week on the "New England," from Great Britain. As superintendent of the department of Christian Citizenship in the World's W. C. T. U., Mrs. Stevenson attended the Edinburgh convention, and was also a delegate to the World's Temperance Congress in London. In Liverpool she addressed an audience of four thousand people, July 31.

—Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Steele observed their golden wedding anniversary at their home in Milton, August 8, not in the conventional manner, with elaborate festivities and display of costly gifts, but very quietly and unostentatiously. The members of the W. F. M. S. auxiliary of the Dorchester Church (the church home of the Doctor and his wife) and the officers of the New England Branch were invited by Mrs. Steele to her home on that day, with the request that it be a thank-offering service. "Instead of being recipients," she beauti-

fully wrote, "we are the ones to offer gifts for the blessed years, and we shall offer to the Lord who has preserved us." And she did—fifty gold dollars for the fifty golden years of married life. Many congratulatory letters were received from friends who were unable to be present.

—The *Watchman* of last week says: "It is with sincere regret that we report the death of Rev. C. B. Turner, pastor of the Second Church, Holyoke, Mass. He died at the home of his brother, Mr. C. H. Turner, in Somerville, Mass., on the 5th." The editor recalls with unusual tenderness his brotherly relationship with the deceased when Mr. Turner was pastor of the Baptist Church in Dover, N. H. He was a devout and noble minister, a man to labor with in the Gospel with joy and reciprocal helpfulness.

—A very pretty house wedding occurred Wednesday afternoon, August 8, at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Pliny Nickerson, Newton Highlands, when their youngest daughter, Edith May, was united in marriage with Mr. Louis Stanhope Brigham, of Newton Highlands. The ceremony was with the full Episcopal form, both being communicants of that church, and with rings, and was performed by Rev. Thomas W. Bishop, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who returned from his vacation for this service. The venerable father gave the bride away. The maid of honor was Miss Elizabeth Chapman, a cousin of the groom, and the best man was Mr. George Brigham, a brother of the groom. Among the many wedding gifts the display of silver and cut glass was especially fine. The guests numbered one hundred. After a delightful reception, the happy pair started on a tour, to be absent until September, when they will reside at Newton Highlands.

—Dr. James L. Barton, in writing of the late Dr. Hamlin—quoted elsewhere—a few days before his death, penned these lines: "In his ninetieth year the fire of the prime of his manhood still burns, and the energy that caused opponents to stand aside and the Sultan himself to yield, has not departed." One cannot help ask, if Dr. Hamlin had remained in the quiet of his home rather than shared in the exciting festivities of Old Home Week that evening in a crowded church in Portland, whether he would not still have been among us? The old, verging on ninety, may be apparently vigorous, but there is little reserve strength, and the nervous strain and wear connected with attendance upon public meetings and functions is fraught with unusual danger to the aged. Self-denial must be practical along these lines if our revered worthies are to remain among us. Who doubts that Dr. Trafton lingers at ninety, and ex-Gov. Claffin well into the eighties, because they are in the care of daughters who demand (and they obey) that no risks to health shall be run by exposure to weather or by mixing in public gatherings?

—Dr. George L. Cooke, of Milford, died at Cottage City, Aug. 3, aged 77 years, leaving a wife, two daughters, and a son, Dr. W. P. Cooke, who resides in Newton Centre, well known to many of our readers. The deceased has been a practicing dentist in Milford since 1851. While skillful and honored in his profession, his character as a Christian man and his activity in the church, Sunday-school and all good causes, have given him a peculiar place in the confidence and affection of the community. At the time of his death he was serving his forty-sixth successive year as superintendent of the Sunday-school, a work in which he was particularly interested. He was a trustee and steward of the church for nearly as many years. He was for a long period

president of the Milford Bible Society, president of "Home for the Aged of Milford," and a member of the board of school committee. The *Milford Daily Journal*, in closing a lengthy memoir, says: "As a citizen he was universally respected by all classes; as a friend, one of the most desirable; as a business man, honorable and courteous; as a public official, conservative and devoted to the public interest, without ever a suspicion of trickery or shadow of dishonesty."

—Rev. S. T. Westhaver, who a few weeks ago was invited to the pastorate of the Fourth St. Church, Wheeling, W. Va., has signified his acceptance subject to episcopal approval. Fourth St. Church is the largest and most influential Protestant church in Wheeling, counting among its members many of the wealthiest men of that city, including the Governor of the State.

## BRIEFLETS

The committee on Creed Revision of the Presbyterian General Assembly appointed at St. Louis meet at Saratoga, Aug. 15.

It is reported in the leading New York papers that a prohibition campaign train is to start early in October to tour the country from Maine to California. This special train will be decorated with Prohibition mottoes, and every city or town which will pay \$100 will be visited. Candidates Woolley and Metcalf will be on the train. In each State visited the Prohibition nominees will make speeches from the rear platform. The emblem adopted by the Prohibitionists is a picture of an army canteen inverted. This will be a unique and impressive way of campaigning, if somewhat expensive.

It is significant and encouraging to note that from Palestine, Texas, comes the information that W. B. Brooks has been convicted of being one of the principals in the lynching of James Humphreys and his two sons in Henderson County in May, 1898. He was given a life term in the penitentiary. He is the third man to be convicted of participation in the lynching.

The best vacation work in our denomination of which we have seen notice is being done by the Epworth League of Roberts Park Church, Indianapolis. This chapter arranged to take twenty children of poor parents, in a company, to the country for a two weeks' outing, and board them among farmers for two weeks during the heated term. One company is to be succeeded by another until a large number will have a country airing.

No discouraging news affecting the lives of our missionaries in China has been received during the last week. Secretary Leonard received a cablegram from Rev. William H. Lacy from Kobe, Japan, announcing the safe arrival at Kobe of the following members of the Methodist Episcopal mission at Foochow: Rev. W. H. Lacy and wife, Rev. and Mrs. James Simister, Mrs. Julia W. Plumb, Miss Sarah M. Bosworth, and Miss Isabella Longstreet. Reports of the destruction of missionary property in several places have been received. Mrs. Dr. Barrows, who has been stationed at Tien-Tsin, Pekin, and Ning-Yang, and in the last year has had many thrilling experiences, and only left her last station, Ning-Yang, on June 15, after repeated warnings to flee for safety, reached Cincinnati last week. She was accompanied out of Ning-Yang by several missionaries, wives of business men and a number of refugees, all of whom landed in Japan.



In leaving the country they were compelled to leave all their possessions behind, and brought nothing but what they could carry easily. She is reported as saying: "The Boxer trouble in China can be put down in a month's time if the Powers can agree and act in unison. Once break the confidence that the Chinese have in themselves, and they will scatter in all directions."

As we go to press Secretary Leonard telegraphs: "The West China missionaries have arrived safely at Shanghai;" and a very important and thrillingly interesting letter from Miss Miranda Croucher is published on the last page.

The *London Spectator* notes that Mr. Treves, the great surgeon, in a lecture to medical students said that "genius, he took it, was some form of neurosis, an untubulated nervous disease. The few persons of genius he had known had been exceedingly impossible persons, and if there was one profession where genius was out of place it was the medical profession. The thing which in that stood above all else was hard work." "Hard work," "hard work"—these are the words that need to be dinned into the ears of this age. There never was a time when even in things religious so many people expected to make progress in some fortuitous and accidental way.

The press of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is discussing with unusual frankness the Southern Epworth League Conference, recently held at Atlanta. The meeting is pronounced a failure by some, and it is suggested that no other gathering of its kind should ever be undertaken. We judge from this and other indications that the Epworth League is not now making rapid progress in our sister church. Indeed, the Church South never seemed to need the organization as much as the Methodist Episcopal Church. The reasons for this are found in the fact that it did not feel the competition and pressure of other young people's societies as much as did our church, and that its young people have always been more closely attached to the church.

The one unique, fresh, inspiring, all-rousing feature of each of our camp-meetings this summer should be Twentieth Century Day. That it may be, is the strenuous call and exhortation of all the commissions from highest to lowest. May many thousands be won for the "volunteer movement" proposed by Bishop Thoburn's commission. These great mass meetings of the people in the grove are just the place in which to give new life to the great work in which the church is now courageously engaging.

Andrew Carnegie, who was not pleased with the policy of the Administration with the Philippines, is reported to have said concerning our relation to China: "From every point of view President McKinley and Secretary Hay must be credited with having placed our country in a higher and better position than that occupied by any other."

We desire to emphasize the practical wisdom of the following brief paragraph from the *Christian Register*: "The man who really preaches will reach his hearers whether with a manuscript or without one. Behind all effective address must lie work, hard work, and plenty of it."

From the columns of the *Pilot*, the organ of the Roman Catholic Church in New England, usually candid and fair, we make an important excerpt for the inside of our cover. The *Pilot* states that Protestantism is no longer able to deal successfully with

the problem of Christianizing our rural sections, and intimates that the Roman Catholic Church is equal to coping with the difficulties. We would be glad if the *Pilot* would discuss further this important subject and point out frankly and specifically wherein Protestantism fails and how and why Romanism would succeed.

#### 106 YEARS OLD

MRS. SALLY BATCHELDER, of Peabody, Mass., is regarded as the oldest woman in Massachusetts. Beyond doubt she is the oldest Methodist in America, and the oldest reader of the oldest Methodist paper in America.

This remarkable woman has just passed her 106th milestone. She was born in



MRS. SALLY BATCHELDER

Chichester, N. H., Aug. 8, 1797. Several of the fourteen children (of whom she was the third) lived beyond fourscore and ten years. Her father lived to be 90 years of age, two of her sisters to be 93, while twin brothers lived to be 84 and 88 years of age.

Her maiden name was Sally Wing. At the age of twenty-seven she married Andrew Batchelder, of Loudon, N. H. Four children were born to them, of whom Samuel D. Batchelder, of Concord, N. H., survives. Her husband died in 1852. In 1857 she removed with her son Cyrus to Lawrence; thence a year later they removed to Salem, Mass. In 1860 they returned to Lawrence, and in 1868 they came to Peabody.

Mrs. Batchelder has been able to go about as actively as an ordinary person of seventy years till about a year ago, when she fell and broke her leg. The death of her son, the late Col. Cyrus T. Batchelder, which occurred within the past year, was a severe shock to her. She is tenderly cared for by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Cyrus T. Batchelder, at their beautiful home, 110 Lowell St., Peabody.

She united with the Washington St. Methodist Episcopal Church in Peabody in July, 1869. She has always taken a lively interest in the work of the church. She is still a member of the Peabody auxiliary of the W. F. M. S. She has always taken an intelligent interest in current affairs, and has been a great

reader. She has retained her faculties to a remarkable degree.

Mrs. Batchelder was nearly six years of age when Washington died, and until recently has distinctly remembered the account of Washington's death and the description of his funeral. During a call by her pastor, Rev. G. H. Cheney, on her recent birthday, she expressed her wonder that she had lived so long. Surely, she is a remarkable woman. Her life spans the entire century. Indeed, if she survives till next January, she will have lived in three centuries. Think of the changes that have been wrought during the lifetime of this aged servant of God!

#### Meeting of the Board of Control

THE Board of Control met, Aug. 8, in Chicago, and listened to reports of the secretary and assistant secretary, which were comprehensive and satisfactory. Bishop Joyce gave a very interesting address, in which he summed up the policy which, in his opinion, should be pursued. At the afternoon session committees were appointed, and the cabinet was elected as follows: First vice-president, Willis W. Cooper, Kenosha, Wis.; second vice-president, Rev. W. H. Jordan, Sioux Falls, South Dakota; third vice-president, Rev. R. J. Cooke, Chattanooga, Tenn.; fourth vice-president, F. W. Tunnell, Philadelphia, Pa.; treasurer, Dr. R. S. Copeland, Ann Arbor, Mich. The committee on the International Convention at San Francisco, 1901, are: J. F. Berry, F. D. Fuller, J. W. Van Cleve, W. D. Parr, L. J. Norton, C. R. Magee, J. W. Marshall. The Board adjourned, after a very satisfactory meeting, on Thursday, at 6 P. M.

#### Ultimate Truth Not to be Accommodated to Men

THE *Congregationalist* of last week hastens to go out of its way to accuse our Bishops of lack of leadership and statesmanship, because we had said in a recent editorial that in making a pronouncement on the liquor question for the denomination they had uplifted a standard which is as yet unattainable. In answer to a correspondent's inquiry we said that it was the Bishops' duty to raise an ideal standard for the church, even though it could not as yet be reached; just as Jesus uttered the Sermon on the Mount as the supreme Christian ethics, and Paul wrote the 13th of First Corinthians as the absolute law of love, although these standards could not then be fully apprehended or attained. Our contention is that the absolute standard should be expressed by our Bishops because they are expected in such pronouncements to utter the Divine thought. The *Congregationalist*, if we rightly apprehend it, takes our Bishops to task because they do not advise our people to accommodate their standards to current moral notions and practices. The ethical standards of the New Testament are never to be thus devitalized and degraded. Our Bishops are right in declaring that the prohibition of the liquor traffic is the unalterable principle and law of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in advising our membership who are citizen voters to discharge their duty in the light of and in fear of this standard. Our Bishops are dealing in eternal principles which are to be applied to all times and places rather than to a special political crisis. Without doubt, even if Christ or Paul should formulate some general principles for the government of moral and political action in this age, they would not fail to be characterized by some as very poor statesmen and leaders.



## IN CHINA

Forget them not, O Christ, who stand  
Thy vanguard in the distant land!

In flood, in flame, in dark, in dread,  
Sustain, we pray, each lifted head.

Be Thou in every faithful breast,  
Be peace and happiness and rest.

Exalt them over every fear,  
In peril come Thyself more near.

Let heaven above their pathway pour  
A radiance from its open door.

Turn Thou the hostile weapons, Lord,  
Rebuke each wrathful alien horde.

Thine are the loved for whom we crave  
That Thou wouldst keep them strong and brave.

Thine is the work they strive to do,  
Their foes so many, they so few.

Yet Thou art with them, and Thy name  
Forever lives, is aye the same.

Thy conquering name, O Lord, we pray,  
Quench not its light in blood today!

Be with Thine own, Thy loved, who stand  
Christ's vanguard in the storm-swept land.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in *Congregationalist*.

## "I AM GLORIFIED IN THEM"

REV. WILLIAM N. BREWSTER.

THE seventeenth chapter of John's Gospel may well be termed "the high-water mark of the New Testament." Here our Saviour sums up in a few sentences all His work on earth, His hopes for men, His love, His power. Among these living words are two sentences that are complements of each other, that contain the germs of all Christian ethics. To cultivate in one's heart these precious seed will surely develop the rich harvest of a Christlike life. Christ tells His father (v. 4): "I have glorified Thee on the earth." Again He prays (v. 10): "And I am glorified in them." How did Jesus glorify His Father? He possessed none of the things that men usually regard as giving glory to one's self or to one's family. He possessed nothing of His Father's wealth. Though He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, yet not a foot of it did He own after the flesh. No roof to cover His head that was not another's. His very grave was loaned Him by a friend.

Nor did He have what men esteem highly — learning. "How knoweth this man letters having never learned?" sneeringly said the scholars of the day. Of what the world prizes and covets in the way of titles, social position, and the honors of office, He had even less than of learning. Wherein could a life so devoid of everything that is counted by men as of value, glorify the Father that gave it birth? It was not in what He *had*, but in what He *was*, that the Son of Man showed Himself the Son of God. He glorified His Father by revealing the nature of the Father to men. The Jews had worshiped God not as Father, but as King. They feared Him; they knew little of His love. And why should they love Him? Only by seeing Him manifest in the flesh could the true nature of the loving Heavenly Father be revealed to men. Suppose a good and great man had died of a broken

heart because all his good was evil spoken of by men for whom he labored with all his strength. He had a son devoted to his father's memory; he alone understood that noble nature. In what way could such a son glorify such a father in the world so well as by giving his life to the work of revealing his father's true character to these misguided men? Here was a work worthy of the Son of God. It was worth all it cost in humiliation, in sorrow, in pain, and in blood. It was that the world might see the Father as He was, and is, and ever shall be.

But He said: "I am glorified in them." In them — in these unlettered fishermen, in these publicans and sinners, for whom He had had the finger of scorn pointed at Him so often by the social leaders of the time? He who was about to return to the glory that He had with the Father before the world was, prayed for these obscure men that they might glorify Him. Soon the multitude that no man can number would cast their crowns before Him and cry: "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb." What could these unlettered laboring men do to add to His glory? Certainly their becoming rich in this world's goods would not do it. They never tried that way. They took to heart the solemn warnings of the Master against covetousness, and the terrible fate of Judas burned in the lesson so deep that they never forgot nor disregarded it. There is probably no admonition of our Lord so little heeded today or more needed. It is true that the day seems to have arrived that John Wesley anticipated with dread, "when rich men would be necessary to the church." While there is probably more consecrated wealth in the world today than ever before, yet there is also more than ever that eateth as canker. It is true that men may glorify Christ with their surplus wealth, but it is by giving it away, not by keeping it. But this is not one of the essentials to a disciple in glorifying Christ. The poorest has as good an opportunity to exalt the Saviour in the world as the richest.

Nor were these apostles to glorify their great Teacher by their scholarship. They improved all their limited opportunities to learn, and became well read in the Old Testament Scriptures as was their Master, but there is no evidence that they became what the literary world then called scholars. It is possible for Christ to be glorified by consecrated learning, and probably there are more enlightened and devoted scholars in the world today than ever before. But there are also more than in any past generation who exalt themselves and belittle the Revelation of God to man. This is not an essential. The unlettered rustic may glorify the Son of God as much as the greatest scholar.

Nor did these men attain to any of the titles or positions of honor that men prize so highly and seek so eagerly. As far as we can learn, they gave up all hopes of ever attaining any of these things when they assembled in the upper chamber at Jerusalem to await the promise of the Father. Would they have added to the glory of the King of kings and Lord of lords by attaining to some little title or office in church or state? There is no ethical instruction in all our Lord's teach-

ing that is more emphatic and incapable of being misunderstood than this — that place-seeking is utterly contrary to the spirit of Christ, and that when found in His disciples it grieves Him and brings reproach upon His name. Good men may think they want office in order to enable them to glorify Christ by having a larger field for work, but they deceive themselves. It is not possible to bring honor to Christ by disobeying His plain and oft-repeated command.

If not in attaining wealth or scholarship or high position we can expect to glorify Christ, what method is left to us? The one way that is open equally wide to all. It is the way the Son glorified the Father. It is by revealing Christ to the world. He is not understood by men because He has been so misrepresented by His professed disciples. What the world needs is living Christs, men and women going about doing good as He did. As the Son revealed to the world the Fatherhood of God, so the disciples must reveal to men the Sonship of Jesus the Christ. His life is the strongest proof of His divinity. But the written record is old, and discredited by many, and little read by many more. The life of self-forgetful, loving ministry to all that comes within its influence is irresistible. Men yield in spite of themselves. They see Christ as He lived and died for them. Unconsciously they are led to the foot of the Cross, and with the centurion exclaim, "Truly this was the Son of God!"

We try hard to build up His kingdom. We spend money like water, we establish great institutions of learning, we build and run vast and intricate ecclesiastical machinery, and wonder why the kingdom crumbles nearly as fast as we build it up. Is it not because we have too far lost sight of the one way to glorify Christ that is equally available for rich and poor, learned and ignorant, high and low — revealing His love, His humility, His unselfish devotion to others and forgetfulness of Himself, by living. His life through faith in Him? A man of great usefulness in the church of Christ once made this noble confession: "I never was of one bit of use in the world until I gave up entirely the idea that God intended me for a great man."

"Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant; even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Here is a field of rivalry that gives every contestant an equal chance of certain victory. To be great in goodness, in Christlikeness, in the beauty of holiness, in the greatness of the little child whom Jesus set in the midst of His disciples to be forever their model, this is the way to glorify the Christ, the Son of God, who loved to call Himself the Son of Man.

*Hinghua, China.*

— In the dim hours of sorrow and bereavement, when we hear "Time flowing through the middle of the night;" in the hour when we hear far off the monotonous footfall of approaching death; what is it that calms and comforts and soothes us then? Is it any discovery of science? Is it any scheme of philosophy? Is it anything that orator has uttered or poet sung? Nay, when the melody of lyric songs has lost its charm, and the music of memory and her siren



daughters has been brought low, we still listen — when we can listen to nothing else — to the beatitudes which Christ spake to the multitudes as they sat listening among the mountain lilies, or to those last words, more precious than archangels' utterances, which on the same night that He was betrayed He spake to His beloved ones, when the traitor had gone and it was night. — Canon Farrar.

## SECOND CROPS

### In Two Parts

#### I.

PROF. DALLAS LORE SHARP.

TAKE it the year round, the deadest trees in the woods are the liveliest and fullest of fruit — for the naturalist. Dr. Holmes had a passion for big trees; the camera-carriers hunt up historic trees; boys with deep pockets take to fruit trees; but dead trees, since I developed a curiosity for dark holes, have yielded me the most and largest crops.

An ardor for decayed trees is not from any perversity of nature. There is nothing unreasonable in it, as in — biblomania, for instance. I discover a gaunt, punky old pine, bored full of holes and standing among acres of green, characterless companions, with the held breath, the jumping pulse, the bulging eyes of a collector stumbling upon a Caxton in a latest publication book-store. But my excitement is really with cause; for — Sh! Look! In that round hole up there, just under the broken limb! The flame of the red-headed woodpecker — a light in one of the windows of the woods! Peep through it. What rooms! What people! No; I never paid ten cents extra for a volume because it was full of years and mildew and rare errata (I sometimes buy books at a reduction for these accidents); but I have walked miles and passed forests of green, good-looking trees to wait in the slim shade of some tottering, limbless old stump. Within the reach of my landscape four of these ancient derelicts hold their stark arms against the horizon; while every wood-path, pasture-lane and meadow-road leads past hollow apples, gums or chestnuts, where there are sure to be happenings as the seasons come and go. Sooner or later every dead tree in the neighborhood finds a place in my "book of remembrance." They are all named and mentioned, some over and over — my list of Immortals — all very dead or very hollow, ranging from a big sweet gum in the swamp along the creek to an old pump-tree, stuck for a post within fifty feet of my window. The gum is the holiest, the pump the deadest, tree of the lot.

The nozzle-hole of the one-time pump stares hard at my study window like the empty socket of a Cyclops. There is a small bird-house nailed just above the window which gazes back with its single eye at the staring pump. For some time last April the sputtering sparrows held this house above the window against the attacks of two tree swallows. The sparrows had been on the ground all winter and had "staked their claim," with a nest that had already outgrown the house, when the swallows arrived. In love of fair play and remembering more than one winter day made alive and cheerful by

the sparrows, I could not interfere and oust them; though it grieved me to lose the pretty pair of swallows as summer neighbors.

The swallows disappeared. All was quiet for a few days, when, one morning, I saw the flutter of steel-blue wings at the hole in the pump, and there, propped hard with his tail over the hole, hung my tree-swallow. I should have that pair as tenants yet, and in a house where I could see everything they did. He peered quickly around, then peeped cautiously into the opening and slipped out of sight through the dark, round hole.

I knew it suited exactly by the glad, excited way he came out and darted off. He soon returned with the little shining wife; and through a whole week there was a constant passing of blue backs and white breasts as the joyous pair fitted up the inside of that pump with grass and feathers, fit for the cradle of a fairy queen.

By the rarest fortune I was on hand when the sparrows discovered what had happened in the pump. There is not a single microbe of anglophobia in my system. But need one's love for things English include this pestiferous sparrow? Anyhow, I feel just a mite of pleasant satisfaction when I recall how that sparrow, with the colonizing instinct of his race, dropping down on the pump with the notion that he "had a duty to the world," dropped off that pump straightway, concluding his "duty" did not relate to that particular pump any longer. The sparrows had built everywhere about the place, but that that pump, a post, and a post to a pair of bars at that, was worth settling, had not dawned on them. When they saw the swallows had taken it, one of the sparrows lighted there instantly, with tail up, head cocked, very much amazed, and commenting vociferously. He looked into the hole from every possible point and was about to enter, when there came a whiz of wings, a flash of blue, and a slap that sent him spinning. When the indignant swallow swooped back, like a boomerang, the sparrow had scuttled off to an apple tree.

That was a *coup de grace*. Peace reigned after that; and along in July the five white eggs had found wings and were skimming about the fly-filled air or counting and preening themselves demurely in a solemn row upon the wire fence.

Between two pastures, easily seen from the same study window, stands a wild apple tree, pathetically diseased and rheumatic, which, like one of Mr. Burroughs' trees, never bore very good crops of apples, but four seasons a year is marvelously full of animals. It is chiefly noted for a strange collection I once took out of its maw-like cavity.

It was a keen January morning, and I stopped at the tree, as usual, and thumped. No lodgers there that day, it seemed. I mounted the rail fence and looked in. Darkness. No; there at the bottom was a patch of gray, and — I pulled out a snapping, blinking screech owl. Down went my hand again, and a second owl came blinking to the light — this one in rich brown plumage. When I turned him up, his clinched claws held fistfuls of 'possum hair; and once more I pushed my hand down the hole, gingerly, and up to the

shoulder. No mistake. Mr. 'Possum was in there, and after a little maneuvering I seized him by the collar and out he came grinning, hissing and winking at the hard, white, winter day.

And how exactly like a 'possum! "There is a time for all things," comes near an incarnation in him. There is a time for eating owls — at night, of course, if owls can then be had — but day is the time to sleep; and if owls want to share his bed and roost upon him, all right. He *will* sleep on till nightfall, in spite of owls. And he would sleep on here till dusk, in spite of my rude awakening, if I gave him leave. I dropped him back to the bottom of the hole, then put the two owls back upon him, and went my way, knowing I should find the three still sleeping on my return. And it was so. The owls were just as surprised and just as sleepy when I disturbed them the second time that day. I left them to finish their nap; but the 'possum was served for dinner the following evening — for this, too, is strictly in accord with his time-for-all-things philosophy.

This pair of owls were most persistent in their attachment to the apple. Several times in the course of the winter I found them sleeping soundly in this same deep cavity, making their winter lodgings in the bent, tumble-down shanty, which, standing not far from the woods and between the uplands and meadows, has been home, hotel, post-office, city-of-refuge and look-out for many of the wild folk about the fields.

A worn-out, gone-to-holes orchard is a very city of hollows-loving animals. Not far away is one such orchard with one side bordering an extensive copse. Where the orchard and copse meet is an apple tree that has been the ancestral home of unnumbered generations of flying squirrels. The cavity was first hollowed out by flickers. The squirrels were interlopers. When the young come in April the dangerously-large opening is stuffed with shredded chestnut bark, leaving barely room enough for the parents to squeeze through. The sharpest-eyed hawk a-wing would never dream of waiting outside that insignificant door for a meal of squirrel.

But such precautions are not always proof against boys. I robbed that home one spring of its entire batch of babies (no one with any love of wild things could resist the temptation to kidnap young flying squirrels), and tried to bring them up in domestic ways. But somehow I never succeeded with pets. Something always happened. One of these four squirrels was rocked on, a second was squeezed in the door, a third fell before he could fly, and the fourth I took to college with me. He had perfect liberty, for I had no other room-mate; and I set aside one hour a day to putting corks, pens, photographs and knives back in their places for him to tuck away the next day in one of my shoes or under my pillow. More than once I have awakened to find him curled up in my neck or up my sleeve, the dearest little bed-fellow alive. But it was three stories from my window to the street; and one day he tried his wings. They were not equal to the flight. Since then I have left my wild pets in the woods.

If one wants to know what birds are about, especially the larger, more cautious species, let him get under cover near a tall



dead oak or walnut, standing alone in the middle of open fields. Such a tree is the natural rest and look-out for every passer. Here come the hawks to wait and watch; here the sentinel crows are posted while the flock pilfers corn and plugs melons; here the flickers and woodpeckers light for a quick lunch of grubs, to call for company or telegraph across the fields on a resonant limb; here the flocking black-birds swoop and settle, making the old tree look as if it had suddenly leaved-out in mourning—leaves black and crackling; and here the turkey buzzards halt heavily in their gruesomely-glorious flight.

With good field-glasses there is no other vantage-ground for bird study equal to this. Not in a day's tramping will one see so many birds and have such chances to observe them as in a single hour, when the sun is rising or setting, in the neighborhood of some great, gaunt tree that has died of years or lonesomeness, or been smitten by a bolt from the summer clouds.

*Boston University.*

### AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

REV. J. H. HUMPHREY, PH. D.

HARRY JACKSON was a light-hearted, bright-faced boy; he had a good home; his father and mother loved him very much and indulged him in everything that was reasonable. One day, when he had grown to be quite a lad, he took it into his head that he would like to leave home and see the world. He thought it would be wonderfully fine to roam about and see the places of which the hired men gave such glowing accounts, and that he had read about in the story books.

Soon after this he determined to steal away and try his fortune in the great world. As he took a last look about his room his eye rested upon his drum, his skates, his fishpole, and many other things that were dear to his boyish heart. You may be assured a great lump came into his throat when he pushed aside the beautiful flag that he had carried so proudly in the procession on Memorial Day. But he thought the time had come now for him to be a hero in real earnest, so he swallowed the lump the best he could and pushed on through the open window to the roof below. As he jumped to the ground Fido came bounding up, wagging his tail and asking in a very dogged way why his master was out at that time of night. About the hardest thing Harry had to do was to drive Fido back; the stick he threw at him hurt Harry himself much more than it did Fido.

In a mining camp near Denver, Col., is a large, rude, shanty-like building. A sign over the door bears the inscription, "Wade's Hotel." Men are lounging about the bar-room drinking and carousing. In the stable near by is Wade himself showering oaths and curses upon a stripling of a boy, punctuating his imprecations with cuffs and kicks. This is our Harry. He is employed about the place as stable boy and general drudge. If the spittoons had to be cleaned, or any other low thing done, Harry had to do it. These outbursts of passion on the part of

the brutal proprietor of Wade's Hotel were not by any means uncommon. The result of this particular one was to cause Harry to do some serious thinking. He went into the little office which was his bedroom as well as a general receptacle for harnesses, blankets, grain, etc., sat down on his bunk, covered his face with his hands, and remained in that position for a long time. He was hungry enough to eat, or try to eat, the meal that the horses were fed with. His money was gone, he could not buy crackers or cheese at the store; he just could not eat the salt junk and sour bread given him at the shanty. Poor boy! He had no mother to tell his troubles to now. How he longed for five minutes with his sister, who used to flare up and take his part, and, when hard things came his way, used to say to him, "Never mind! you are brave enough to stand that." Well, he sat there thinking a long time, till the big tears began to wet his cheeks.

What do you suppose he said to himself? Something like this: "What a fool I was to kick just because father would not let me stay out of school to go to that circus, and what a fool I am now to stay here and be knocked about! I guess I have had all the circus I want. The hired men at home get treated enough sight better than I am treated here. Mother fills their lunch pails so full that they flip off pieces here and there into the grass for Fido to run after. I wish I had some of those pieces now. I know what I will do. I'll just go straight back home. Oh, what a wicked boy I have been! I wonder if father will take me back to be just a hired man."

So he worked his way back to his father's big farm among the beautiful Berkshire Hills. He was a sorry spectacle, I can assure you. His hat was jammed out of shape, torn and weather-stained. His coat was out at the elbows, ripped at the pockets, and minus half the buttons. His shoes were cracked across the top, and the uppers were on the ground. As he turned off the highway, what should he see but Fido tearing down the lane, barking like mad and showing two rows of clean white teeth, bent on terrifying that disreputable looking tramp and giving him to understand that there was no welcome up that lane for such as he. But when Harry said "Fido" in the old tone, Fido experienced a change of heart at once, and came up to Harry frisking and jumping and wagging himself double, so glad he was to see his old master and welcome him home again.

Harry's father, as he sat on the front porch that day, was thinking of his wandering boy, of the dangers and temptations to which his loved one might be exposed. Noticing the sudden change that came over Fido, the old man observed the more critically the forlorn-looking object at the foot of the lane. There was something strangely familiar about the walk and general appearance of the young fellow. The old man rose from his seat, shaded his eyes with his hand, and took a long, steady, searching gaze. Then he suddenly seized his cane and hurried down the lane. He had not been known to run for many years, not since the doctor had told him that it would not be safe for him to run for the train any

more. But his heart was all right now. His love for his returning boy gave new vigor to his frame. He ran to meet him; he threw his arms about his neck and actually kissed him—a thing he had not done since Harry had graduated into long trousers.

Harry was a good deal taken back, but he tried to straighten up and make a speech which he had composed for the occasion. He said: "Father, I did very wrong to leave home as I did. Since then I have lived a wild and sinful life. You don't know how bad I have been. I am not fit to be called your son any more. Let me come back and be one of your hired"—

At this point his speech was broken off. What do you suppose happened? Well, I will tell you. His father interrupted him. He could not bear to hear any more. He called out to John, the man-of-all-work: "Here, John, here is Harry, home again! Take him to the bath-room and help him fix up. Take these rags away and bury them. Get out his best suit for him, and go over to the store and get a pair of those best tan shoes, number 6 E, and I guess you might kill one of those biggest turkeys; we will need it tomorrow."

Don't you think that father was happy to see his boy, that he thought was lost forever, home again? He couldn't do enough for him. He had the folks get up a supper and call in the neighbors. They had a great time, I can tell you. They had roast turkey and cranberry sauce, and three kinds of pie, and candy and nuts and grapes and oranges and ice cream. They had a brass band on the front porch, and the lawn illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and Harry's great silk flag floating over all. Wasn't Harry happy that evening? Everybody was so kind to him and so thoughtful, too, not to say anything to hurt his feelings.

The next morning at family prayers as Harry's father, with trembling voice and tear-dimmed eyes, read these words, "Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him," Harry's own eyes filled with tears. He was very happy in two thoughts: one was that his father loved him more than he could think; and the other was that God loved him just as much, perhaps even more. This last thought came to him as a new revelation.

During the day, as he walked about the farm, these words kept ringing through his mind: "Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." That evening, on the front porch, Harry had a long talk with his mother. A little later, in his own room, he had another and a very earnest talk with God.

The next Christmas Harry received as a present from his father a beautiful Bible. He immediately found the place and marked this passage: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him;" and this one also: "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

*Cherry Valley, Mass.*

—The question is not, Who is my neighbor? but, Am I neighborly? — *William Arnold.*



## The Upper Room

### Hope On

There was never a day so misty and gray  
That the blue was not somewhere above  
it;

There is never a mountain-top ever so  
bleak

That some little flower does not love it.

There was never a night so dreary and dark  
That the stars were not somewhere shin-  
ing;

There is never a cloud so heavy and black  
That it has not a silver lining.

There is never a waiting time, weary and  
long,

That will not some time have an ending;  
The most beautiful part of the landscape is  
where

The sunshine and shadows are blending.

Into every life some shadows will fall,  
But heaven sends the sunshine of love;  
Through the rifts in the clouds we may, if  
we will,

See the beautiful blue above.

Then let us hope on, though the way be  
long

And the darkness be gathering fast;  
For the turn in the road is a little way on  
Where the home lights will greet us at  
last.

—Morning Star.

### The Use of Life

IN the holy land lived a man called Eliab, whom God had blessed with earthly goods. He was also cunning in all the wisdom of the East. But all this could not bring peace to his heart; he was often full of sorrow and wished to die. Then a man of God came to him, and showed him an herb possessed of wonderful powers of healing; but Eliab said: "What is that to me? My body lacks not health; my soul is diseased. It were better for me to die." "The herb will do thy heart good," said the man of God. "Take it, and heal seven sick men and then thou mayest die if thou wilt." Eliab did as he was desired, and sought out misery in its abiding-places. He healed seven sick people and succored the poor with his riches. Then the man of God came again to him and said, "Here is an herb of death; now thou mayest die." But Eliab cried: "God forbid! My soul longeth no more for death, for now I comprehend the meaning and use of life." —Krummacher.

### Would be Better

SOME people tell us that one can be as good a Christian as he desires to be. We emphatically deny this. There are multitudes of Christians who greatly desire to be vastly better than they are. Their daily prayer is that they may be freer from imperfections, stronger in faith, wiser in the truth of God, and more capable of serving God and man. There may be some innocent souls who are as good as they wish to be. They may have reached a state of heart in which they feel quite satisfied with themselves. But such ones are the exceptions, and it is by no means certain that they could not be made still better than they are. We regard it as a hopeful sign when a Christian yearns to be a great deal better

than he is. He is quite sure to become better. His very yearnings cause his heart to grow, to expand, to take on increasing power. His struggles for betterment develop the finest elements of his soul.

### A Marked Contrast

HE who has a fairly thorough knowledge of human nature has doubtless noted a marked contrast between the public and private prayers of some Christians. Of course this knowledge is necessarily obtained through one's observation of his own self in the exercise of public and private prayer, but it is a pretty safe key to the actual facts in other cases. Public prayers are quite apt to be expressed very differently in some respects from the way in which private ones are. In spite of one's desire to be humble and simple in his public prayers, he is so influenced by the situation that he has more or less thought on the style of his language and the effect of his words upon those who listen to him. But in secret prayer it is far different. The language is very apt to be the simplest and most direct. There is a consciousness that none but God hears. The utterances are phrased in short, mellow and meaningful words. There is nothing superfluous in such prayers.

### Life from Above

A SCULPTOR may take a piece of rough marble and work from it the figure of a Madonna; but it is still nothing but marble, and lifeless. A carver may take a piece of wood and work out of it a scene of conviviality, but it is still wood and insensible. A watch-cleaner may take a watch, the mainspring of which is broken; he may clean every wheel, cog, pin, hand, the face and the cases, but the mainspring not rectified, it will be as useless for going and time-telling as before. A painter may decorate the outside of a pest-house with the most beautiful colors, but if he produce no change within, it is still a pest-house. A poor man may clothe himself in the garb of a monarch, but he is still a poor man. A leper may cover all his spots with his garment, but he is still a leper. So the sinner may reform in all the externals of his life, until he shall attain to the moral finery of Saul of Tarsus, or Nicodemus, a master in Israel, but except he be born again from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God. —Bate.

### Prayers and Gymnastics

"I KNOW that I ought to take more exercise," the girl said. "I mean to. I joined the physical culture class because I thought that that would make me practice, but I come home tired, and it seems such an effort that nine times out of ten I just let it go."

"I know," her friend answered; "I did, too, until"—

"Until what?" the girl prompted her. Her friend turned to her with a sudden bright smile. "Until I made it part of my worship," she answered, slowly.

The other girl repeated it after her; it sounded almost irreverent. "A part of

your worship! What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. I knew that I needed the exercise—sewing so much as I do, I need it especially—but it seemed to me that I couldn't take the time, or if I did have the time I was too tired. Then one night when I couldn't get to sleep it came to me suddenly. God had given me this body to use for Him; it was one of my talents. If He should ask me how I had used it—if I was keeping it strong and vigorous, so that it should be ready for any work He should send me, what could I say?"

"I knew that I wasn't, that brain as well as body was getting dull and sluggish, and that, disobeying the physical laws He had set for me, I was disobeying Him. So then I began the very next day; after my Bible reading came my exercises. Sometimes—it was hard at first—I had to pray for resolution to hold myself to it; but I did it. I couldn't pray and then sit right down and not take the answer to my prayer! Now I think it has grown as beautiful to me, and as real, as the Bible reading itself. It has taught me that religion is not one thing and everyday living another, but religion is in it all, if it is worth anything."

The other girl did not answer, but she was thinking.—ELIZABETH HOLMES, in *Wellspring*.

### Self-Knowledge

TO know one's true self is one of the greatest attainments of this life. A vast number of people have supposed, after reaching an advanced stage of experience, that they knew themselves thoroughly well. They were exceedingly positive in the conviction that it was not in their hearts to betray a friend nor injure an enemy. They felt certain that they loved God with all their heart and had a perfect love for all His children. And yet under some crucial test they have finally discovered that their self-knowledge was vitally and very deficient. There were subtle weaknesses in their hearts which they had not known. Their love was not so regnant as they had supposed. In the absence of great temptations it was easy to feel lovely and be kind and true. The truth is, the best of Christians know themselves only in part. Perfect self-knowledge cannot be attained this side of heaven.

### The Highest Joy

GOD has designed that we should find our highest joy in doing our best to serve others best. Pleasing as it is to the Christian to experience the joy of the Holy Ghost, yet it ought to be evermore remembered that no large measure of His joy can be resident in one's heart for any considerable length of time unless one will engage in serving unselfishly his fellow-men in such ways as the Holy Ghost shall direct. We see repeated statements in the New Testament of the swelling joy of the apostles and disciples, and it is very noticeable that such joy grew out of their doing what their Lord told them to perform. It was when they were making the joy of others the chief object of their own pursuit that they themselves experienced the highest and most abundant joy. Can you see the lesson?



## THE FAMILY

### THE RED SUMMER LILY

GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

The cynosure of children,  
Sweet rustic indeed,  
Is the red summer lily,  
The queen of the mead;  
Not of use like the olive,  
Or fruit of the vine,  
But her face in its beauty  
Doth gloriously shine.

And the lesson so striking  
That Jesus once gave,  
Is recalled by this lily,  
Pure, fragrant and brave.  
Let the bright, happy lassies  
Who ramble a-field,  
Still delight in this treasure,  
Aye, love it, and shield!

East Lempster, N. H.

### Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Summer declines and roses have grown rare,  
But cottage crofts are gay with hollyhocks,  
And in old garden walks you breathe an air  
Fragrant of pinks and August-smelling stocks.  
The soul of the delicious mignonette  
Floats on the wind and tempts the vagrant  
bees

From the pale purple spikes of lavender,  
Waking a fond regret  
For dead July, whose children, the sweet-peas,  
Are sipped by butterflies with wings astir.

— John Todhunter.

"What different lives we should lead if we  
would but take things by the minute!"

The spoke in the wheel which creaketh  
most, doth not bear the greatest burden in  
the cart. — Thomas Fuller.

It is not easy to walk with God. The air  
that beats around the Himalaya heights of  
Divine fellowship is rare, and hard to  
breathe; human feet tire after a little; and  
faith, hard put to it, is inclined to give up  
the effort of keeping step with the Divine  
pace. — Rev. F. B. Meyer.

What a steep stairway of eager verbs is  
here — incline the ear, apply the heart, cry  
after, lift up the voice, seek, and search,  
then shalt thou find. Up this difficult steep  
must you ascend if you would enter into  
the presence of Divine Wisdom and be  
thrilled with the vision of her beauty and  
be enriched with her merchandise. — Daniel  
Steele, D. D.

Year after year some nameless monk  
labors on a rough block in some cathedral  
column till it turns into the very likeness  
of Christ. He dies, and they bury him in a  
forgotten grave; but every morning the  
light streaming through the eastern win-  
dow over the head of Christ, as from the  
eyes of the Judge, touches with gold that  
image of the Lord, wrought by His servant;  
and as the generations pace the aisle be-  
neath, high above them, beautiful and un-  
changing, remains the unknown worker's  
memorial. — Rev. John Watson.

We are all of us willing enough to accept  
dead truths, or blunt ones; which can be  
fitted harmoniously into spare niches, or  
shrouded and confined at once out of the  
way, we holding complacently the cemetery  
keys and supposing we have learned some-  
thing. But a sapling truth, with earth at  
its root and blossom on its branches; or  
a trenchant truth, that can cut its way  
through bars and sods; most men, it seems

to me, dislike the sight or entertainment  
of, if by any means such guest or vision  
may be avoided. And indeed this is no  
wonder; for one such truth, thoroughly  
accepted, connects itself strangely with  
others, and there is no saying what it may  
lead to. — Ruskin.

If we choose to study what is base rather  
than what is high, if we set our affections  
on vanity, and heed not the voice of wis-  
dom, our souls will lose their arms and  
their feet, and will be able neither to grasp  
the truth on earth nor to walk in the way  
which leads to heaven. — ELLEN THORNEY-  
CROFT FOWLER, in "A Double Thread."

One aching nerve can monopolize our at-  
tention and make us unconscious of the  
health of all the rest of the body; so, a  
single sorrow or loss obscures many mer-  
cies. We are like men that live in a nar-  
row alley in some city, with great build-  
ings on either side towering high above  
their heads, and only a strip of sky visible.  
If we see up in that strip a cloud, we com-  
plain and behave as if the whole heavens,  
right away round the three hundred and  
sixty degrees of the horizon, were black  
with tempest. But we see only a little  
strip, and there is a great deal of blue in  
the sky; however, there may be a cloud in  
the patch that we see above our heads, from  
the alley where we live. Everything, rightly  
understood, that God sends to men is a  
cause of thanksgiving. — Alexander Mac-  
laren, D. D.

You have, perhaps, gone with an astron-  
omer to watch him photograph the spec-  
trum of a star. As you entered the dark  
vault of the observatory you saw him be-  
gin by lighting a candle. To see the star  
with? No; but to see to adjust the instru-  
ment to see the star with. It was the star  
that was going to take the photograph; it  
was, also, the astronomer. For a long time  
he worked in the dimness, screwing tubes  
and polishing lenses and adjusting reflect-  
ors, and only after much labor the finely  
focussed instrument was brought to bear.  
Then he blew out the light, and left the star  
to do its work upon the plate alone. The  
day's task for the Christian is to bring his  
instrument to bear. Having done that, he  
may blow out his candle. All the evidences  
of Christianity which have brought him  
there, all aids to faith, all acts of worship,  
all the leverages of the church, all prayer  
and meditation, all girding of the will —  
these lesser processes, these candle-light  
activities for that supreme hour, may be set  
aside. But, remember, it is but for an hour.  
The wise man will be he who quickest  
lights his candle; the wisest he who never  
lets it out. Tomorrow, the next moment,  
he, a poor, darkened, blurred soul, may  
need it again to focus the Image better,  
to take a mote off the lens, to clear the mirror  
from a breath with which the world has  
dulled it. — Henry Drummond.

Our citizenship is in heaven. The king-  
dom of heaven is among you. We have not  
to die to get there. It is love; you can love  
now. It is righteousness; you can arm  
yourself for righteousness now. It is peace;  
you can carry the spirit of peace with you  
now. It is hope; you can look forward with  
hope to that which is not seen now. It is  
service; you can give yourself to service  
now. The painters pictured Christ with a  
halo around His head. It was but a poor  
mechanical contrivance to interpret the  
sublime reality. He did not come from  
heaven to earth, He brought heaven with  
Him to the earth, He walked in heaven,  
and heaven environed Him, and He lived  
in the midst of heaven while He was yet  
upon the earth, and in service and in sac-

rifice for love's sake He found His heaven,  
and was the Son of God because He was  
the Son of infinite, unfailing, ever-patient  
service. And He says to you and to me,  
Follow Me; the kingdom of heaven is at  
hand; come, for all things are ready. —  
LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D., in "The Life that  
Really Is."

The sheep upon Thy pastures, we  
Do feed through life's short day, — nor see  
In Death's grim face the shepherd old,  
Who doth but guide us to Thy fold!

Like birds that sport in sunlit grove,  
We live upon Thy care and love, —  
Nor know the gloom Death round us flings  
Is but the shadow of Thy wings!

— ZITELLA COCKE, in *Christian Endeavor*  
World.

The body is worthy of the greatest care,  
but only that it may be the most supple  
and ready servant of our real self. It is, as  
St. Paul says, something to be kept under.  
It is all the while crowding to the head and  
front; it seeks to be master, and when it  
gets the mastery it is that fearful thing  
which turns on the mind and enslaves it,  
turns on the spirit and smothers it, and  
finally destroys itself, for so at last it works  
round. It is well, therefore, to have for it a  
certain wholesome contempt; to keep it  
down and within its lowly place; to know  
just how much is due to it, due to its appe-  
tites and passions. A very noble thing is  
the body, but also a very poor and weak  
thing. What is the body when it may fail  
me at any moment; when a little bruise or  
puncture of the skin will enlist all the at-  
tention of my being? What is the body  
when its hold on the mind is so weak that,  
on some slightest accident, it withdraws its  
grasp and lapses into corruption? I will  
think well of the body, but not too well.  
Hence this experience of physical weakness  
and infirmity is left in order to help us keep  
a due balance between flesh and spirit. —  
T. T. Munger, D. D.

### SIMPLER LIVING

MORALISTS and philosophers are  
constantly telling the world that  
the best elements of human happiness  
are the simplest and most frugal. There  
is a constant cry for simplicity of living,  
but some of those who make this cry are  
unable to adapt their own lives to their  
own beliefs. We believe in the beauty  
and the good sense of simple living just  
as we believe in the highest and best  
principles of religion, but the weakness of  
our human nature is so great that we do  
not live according to that which we know  
to be wisest and best. It is not strange  
that there should be a cry for simplicity  
in an age when it is manifest that a great  
deal of the unrest and the unhappiness of  
domestic life is due to too elaborate and  
expensive living.

Too many people have not the moral  
courage to set up a standard of their own  
based upon their own incomes and their  
own positions in life. Mrs. A. has not the  
moral courage to put a straw matting on  
her floor when she knows that Mrs. B.  
has a Wilton velvet on her floor. Mrs.  
D. has not the moral courage to serve  
simple refreshments at her entertainments  
when she knows that Mrs. C. serves ices  
and all sorts of expensive and unnecessary  
luxuries at her "at homes." The Smiths,  
with an income of two thousand a year  
and one servant, make a strenuous effort to  
ape the style of living of the Whites who  
have eight thousand a year and three



servants. The wife of the clerk tries to imitate the wife of her husband's employer. It is an age of vulgar and unwise imitation. The writer overheard a significant bit of conversation between two women on a street car not long ago. One said to the other:—

"I am going to get some lace curtains for my parlor today. Have you noticed the Bartons' new lace draperies? Well, I told my husband that if the Bartons could have lace curtains in their parlor, there was no reason why we couldn't have them, for my husband has as good pay as Tom Barton."

"You are just right," said the other woman. "I told my husband today that if Tom Barton's wife could wear a silk-lined dress, I couldn't see why I should not have my next dress lined with silk, and I'm going to have it so, you see if I do not."

And it was but yesterday that we heard a woman say: "If I could entertain as my friends entertain I would love to do so, but I cannot do it, and so I simply do not try to entertain at all."

Now, what connection is there between the spirit of true hospitality and elaborate entertaining? The fact is, that the over-elaborate method of entertaining in vogue at present is killing that beautiful spirit of true hospitality that prevailed at one time. Elaborate living, elaborate dressing, elaborate entertaining, are destroying the happiness of many American homes. There are homes in which the whole end and aim of life would seem to be the accumulation of fine furniture and bric-a-brac, the care of which imposes a great burden on the mistress of the home, and the expense of which makes a mighty inroad in the family income. There are other homes in which the elaborateness of the table is the family weakness. The money expended for unnecessary and positively injurious food in such homes would give a college education to the children, who are not thus educated because their parents "cannot afford" to send them to college. All forms of elaborate living impose an unnecessary burden on both fathers and mothers, and destroy the peace and harmony of true home life. Many homes have been wrecked by a constant striving for the unattainable in the style of living. We saw one day a red flag floating from the piazza of a home that had been thus wrecked. A young couple had started out in life under an utterly false standard. It was a standard based not on their own incomes, but on the income of others. They adopted a style of living that involved them in debt, and they had neither the courage nor the sense to retrench when they saw the inevitable result of their folly if it was continued.

The remedy for all this wrong living lies largely with the women of the home. There will not be simplicity in home life until the wives and mothers declare that such simplicity shall reign in their homes. Women far more than men set the pace for the social world. Women far more than men fix the standard of home life. It is true that

"The hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rules the world."

It is true that if there is ever a revolution in the world of dress and fashion, a revolu-

tion in the laws governing the home life of the day, that revolution must be wrought by the women of the world.

### A SONG OF TRUST

I cannot always see the way that leads  
To heights above;  
I sometimes quite forget He leads me on  
With hand of love;  
But yet I know the path must lead me to  
Immanuel's land,  
And when I reach life's summit, I shall  
know  
And understand.

I cannot always trace the onward course  
My ship must take;  
But, looking backward, I behold afar  
Its shining wake,  
Illumined with God's light of love; and so  
I onward go,  
In perfect trust that He who holds the  
helm  
The course must know.

I cannot always see the plan on which  
He builds my life;  
For oft the sound of hammers, blow on  
blow,  
The noise of strife,  
Confuse me till I quite forget He knows  
And oversees,  
And that in all details with His good plan  
My life agrees.

I cannot always know and understand  
The Master's rule;  
I cannot always do the tasks He gives  
In life's hard school;  
But I am learning with His help to solve  
Them one by one;  
And, when I cannot understand, to say,  
"Thy will be done!"

—GERTRUDE BENEDICT CURTIS, in *Chicago Standard*.

### BEGINNING AT THE BOTTOM

Cousin MARTHA sighed as she poked the fire. Now, my cousin being the cheeriest of cheery women, and having preserved the said cheerfulness steadily through the stress and strain of bread-winning for the family until all her brothers and sisters had been educated and started in the world (so that now she has only other people's brothers and sisters and sons and daughters to worry herself over), it naturally surprised me to hear such a despondent sound.

"What is the matter?" I ventured to ask. "Are you working too hard? You know I've always told you—"

"Of course you have," said my cousin. "If I had listened to my friends I would have found any position too hard for me to keep. But as I use my own judgment, I am in very good health today, thank you, and have always been able to do what I have had to do. There's a good deal of nonsense talked about overwork, Maria, in my opinion. But overwork isn't what made me sigh. It was the two callers I've had today. One wouldn't have depressed me so if the other hadn't come afterward; but the two together were too much even for my usual optimism."

"What did they want?" I asked. Experience has shown me that Cousin Martha's generosity, being known, is constantly abused.

"Advice," said Cousin Martha.

"I rather enjoy giving advice," said I. "It's never taken, you know, so there's no responsibility connected with it."

"Perhaps you can advise me, then," replied my cousin, "and I will pass it on, for I felt that I had none of my own that met the emergency."

"Very well. Untold the cases and I will be consulting physician."

"If you can cure, you'll do wonders," said Cousin Martha. "But here are the facts: This morning an old friend of mine whom I hadn't seen for years came to consult me. She had heard that I supported

myself and made a good income, so she was sure that I could tell her what her second daughter could do to make money. It seems the family have lost money and there isn't enough to live comfortably, especially as the eldest daughter has just married and the wedding was a heavy expense. Why is it, Maria, that families who are in straits for money always have such expensive weddings and funerals?"

"It belongs to the necessary incongruities of life, apparently," I replied. "But what could the second daughter do? Had she any talents?"

"Do!" echoed my cousin. "That was just it. 'Eleanor is rather delicate,' her mother said, 'nervous and not strong, though the doctor says there is nothing really the matter—doctors are so indifferent, you know, in such cases.' And she went on to say, in answer to my questions, that of course Eleanor couldn't teach 'because she could not stand the strain of patience and attention necessary with children, and then she really didn't understand arithmetic very well.' She could not go into library work because 'she would be required to be on her feet so much, and the hours were so long, and no vacation to speak of;' she could not be a companion because 'her nerves could not stand it,' or a stenographer and typewriter for the same reason. And besides, what she wanted was not hard work every day at beginners' wages, but some way of making money. Did I think she could get a place to write for the papers—not a reporter's place, but just on the staff somewhere? Or what did I think of her taking up burnt wood-work—frames and plaques and things of that kind? Eleanor had some little taste for drawing, and that kind of work seemed to sell in the stores."

"But there are tons of it done," I said, "and by quick, skilled workers, too, who have studied designing. A novice could never make money at that!"

"So I told her," said Cousin Martha. "And I said that I didn't know of any paper that wanted novices on its staff. I told her I really didn't know of any such place as she desired for her daughter, or any occupation that filled the conditions. If I found any, I said I would let her know—and she said that she would drop in again soon to see me, and bring Eleanor with her; so there's a pleasant prospect for you! What is one to do with a girl who doesn't know how to do anything, and doesn't want to do anything, and still insists on being told how to 'make money'?"

"Counterfeiting seems to be the only thing practicable," I suggested, "but then I have always heard that counterfeiting was skilled labor, and hard work at that."

"Certainly," replied my cousin. "A counterfeiter has to know something and do something—which wouldn't suit Eleanor at all. But I was going to tell you about my second caller. She came in this afternoon—a pretty woman, though I should judge well past thirty, and with a good manner. She introduced herself as Miss G—, a friend of a friend of mine, who had told her what a success I made of life (oh, she was very flattering indeed!) and she wanted some advice. She was left alone in the world by the death of her parents, and hadn't enough to live on, and she wanted some kind of a position. She was in good health and she felt that she had executive ability and could run large affairs if opportunity only opened. She could truly say that she was systematic and had an unusual memory."

"I tried to think of something where system, memory and executive ability were required, and suggested fitting herself for a private secretary. But when she found that typewriting and stenography had to be



learned first, she said she could not undertake that drudgery. Then I spoke of photography, but she was not willing to learn the business by going into the lower grades, though she said she knew she could succeed in doing artistic work in a studio of her own if somebody else did the developing and retouching and finishing and that sort of thing. As she had never taken even an amateur photograph, I felt that idea was hardly practical, so I turned to professional shopping. That she thought well of, if she could find some one who was giving it up, and who would turn over her customers to her, and recommend her to stores and buyers. But she had heard the business was always so small for the first year or two that she did not feel that she could start out for herself in it. And so on, and so on. Maria, I tried that woman on every occupation that I ever heard of, from life insurance down to raising goldfish, and she was anxious to go into every one of them if only it could be done in a large and instantaneously successful way; but as for beginning at the bottom, it was not in her. And she is coming again, too, to see if I can think of something else."

"I don't wonder you are depressed!" I remarked, with conviction.

"Oh, it isn't that I mind their coming," cried my cousin, "it's only that I've realized today that they are types—that there are Eleanors in so many homes, and so many Miss G's left orphaned in every town. They have no training to do anything, and, what is far worse, no common sense to see that training is necessary. Work for women has become the thing nowadays, so that they can go into it without losing caste. But they want work without drudgery, and don't understand that work and drudgery are so intermingled that even the highest and best-paid workers have to take them as they come. Indeed, I often think that the drudgery at the bottom is only a preparatory training for the more difficult (though less frequent) drudgery at the top—and I've tried both. There isn't any other way to begin than at the bottom, though the room, of course, to an outsider, seems to be all at the top."

"Why don't you tell them so?" I asked. "That would be my advice."

"Do you suppose they'd believe it?" asked my cousin, sighing again. "No, indeed; the very next hour they will read in the 'Woman's Page' of some newspaper how Mrs. So-and-So, by making lampshades, has realized a fortune, and of how another woman has struck it rich at Cape Nome, and another runs a large mill, and a fourth is at the head of a magazine, and all these paragraphs are under the head of 'Occupations for Women' so of course any woman can do the same things and succeed, you see—and I am a cross old thing who wants to keep others out and have the whole field of successful work to myself. And so Eleanor and Miss G—will go on looking for a ladder that's all top and no bottom, and enlist all their friends in the search, and wear out everybody's patience, and end"—

"By coming to their senses," I suggested, hopefully.

"I don't believe so," said my cousin. "Or, if they do, there are always more coming on. That's why I sigh."—PRISCILLA LEONARD, in *Interior*.

—A tramp applied to a Boston woman the other day for something to eat, and was asked how a chop would suit him. He studied a moment, and looked up suspiciously. "Mutton or woodshed, lady?"

—"I would go with you to the end of the earth," he asserted passionately. "Not with me, you wouldn't," she replied coldly. "Why not?" he demanded. "For two reasons," she answered. "One is that I'm

not going, and the other is that there isn't any." When one meets the prosaic new woman, one has to be careful what he says. —*Tid-Bits*.

### THE CRICKET

The twilight is the morning of his day  
While sleep drops seaward from the fading shore,  
With purpling sail and dip of silver oar,  
He cheers the shadowed time with roundelay,  
Until the dark east softens into gray.  
Now as the noisy hours are coming—  
hark!  
His song dies gently—it is growing dark—  
His night, with its one star, is on its way!

Faintly the light breaks over the blowing oats—  
Sleep, little brother, sleep: I am astir.  
We worship song and servants are of her—  
I in the bright hours, thou in shadow time;  
Lead thou the starlit night with merry notes,  
And I will lead the clamoring day with rhyme.

—*Edwin Markham*.

### ABOUT WOMEN

—Dr. Anna M. Sawyer, a dentist of New York city, has gone to Manila, where she has hung out her shingle, and has found abundant demand for her professional services.

—Mrs. Leland Stanford has presented to Bishop Grace, of Sacramento, Cal., the beautiful Stanford Mansion at Eighth and N Streets, with an endowment fund of \$75,000, for the maintenance of the Lathrop-Stanford Children's Day Home.

—Charlotte Brontë's husband, Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, now an octogenarian, lives the quietest of country lives at Banaagher, Kings County, Ireland. He is a strongly built, robust old gentleman, who is wonderfully active for his years, and locally very popular. His second wife is a most estimable lady, who reveres the memory of the novelist just as fondly as her husband.

—The colored women of Washington have formed a league which is doing a great deal of good in the poorer parts of the city. They have established day nurseries among the slums, and working women can keep their babies there for five cents a day. The nurseries are kept entirely by colored women, and are very successful. They open at five o'clock in the morning, and sometimes the last child is not called for until twelve o'clock at night. For the older children there is a kindergarten, with an additional charge of one cent a week. From sixty to seventy children are thus gathered in and kept from the gutter.

—The declining years of Miss Florence Nightingale are being spent in a house within a stone's throw of Hyde Park. The *Home Magazine* says: "The room in which she is confined is always decorated with flowers brought by appreciative friends whose aim is to brighten her surroundings. At the head of her bed a shelf is placed, and on this all her favorite books have been conveniently arranged. Here, too, her writing materials are within easy reach, and alongside of these one may see a pile of reports from the Home founded in her name, which, if it were needed, tends to show where even today her heart is. Between these, her reading, and the feeding of the birds she has tamed, that come twittering to the casement, and even hop on to the sill, she occupies her time."

## BOYS AND GIRLS

### THE GOLDEN HORSE

EMMA C. DOWD.

THE Golden Horse was happy in the days before Miss Crow took the uninvited ride upon his back. He held his golden head high in his innocent pride, his golden sides were dazzlingly beautiful, and his gleaming golden tail flew out gracefully as he circled around. His friends were the sunbeams, the raindrops, and the breezes; and very good friends they were.

The sunbeams warmed him when he was cold, the raindrops cooled him when he was hot, and as for the breezes—oh, they were his dear companions day and night! When the zephyrs came creeping up the southern valley, no matter how interested in something else the Golden Horse might be, he would instantly turn about and greet them; and they were such gentle little creatures, and talked to him in such soft tones that he never tired of listening. But the moment he caught the sound of the breezes from the north mountains, away he would whirl to receive their hearty messages. Great, strong fellows they were, and a bit boisterous at times; but the Golden Horse never flinched, even when they handled him a little roughly, for he loved them every one.

He loved the other breezes, too—the gay western breezes on whose wings rode the sunbeams, and the briny breezes from the big eastern sea that brought the chattering, musical little raindrops. So he never lacked friends, and he knew not what it was to have a discontented thought.

But one day some new neighbors came to live on the farm, and a young daughter of the family, spying the beautiful Golden Horse, flew over to make his acquaintance.

"Good-morning!" she cawed, alighting on his back.

Now although many birds had come quite near to the Golden Horse, and not a few had sung sweet little songs to him, none had ever ventured upon his back. This unwonted liberty took him so by surprise that he trembled beneath the unaccustomed weight, and turned this way and that, scarcely knowing what to do.

When he had returned her salutation, however, he stood quite still again, wondering what she would say next and how long she would stay.

"Don't you find it dreadfully poky staying up here all alone, with nothing to do?" she asked.

"I am not alone," he answered.

"But you can't do anything!"

Just then some brisk little breezes came up from the west, and the Golden Horse, who had been looking toward the eastern sea, turned so quickly that Miss Crow nearly lost her balance.

"I can whirl!" he said, inwardly pleased to see the discomfiture of his uninvited guest.

"I should think you could!" she snapped. "But that isn't anything! You can't fly."

"No," said the Golden Horse, "I can't fly." It had never before occurred to him that flying was an accomplishment to be



longed for, but now he was conscious of a desire to fly.

"And you can't run?" Miss Crow continued.

"No."

"You can't even walk, can you?"

"No," more sadly.

"Dear me, how dreadful! And here you have to stay, day in and day out, in the broiling sun. I should die!"

"Oh, but the raindrops are always refreshing, and the nights are generally cool."

"Ugh! but the horror of being up here all alone through the black night, with never a nest to cuddle into. I should faint with fright. What are you here for, anyhow?"

"I don't know," replied the Golden Horse. "The man who put me here said that he hoped I would do my duty, but I do not know what that is unless it consists in being polite to my friends, the breezes. I always turn and face them whenever they come to see me—I heard somebody once say that it was the duty of every one to be polite."

"Caw!" sneered Miss Crow. "I should want to do something besides be polite to the breezes. Well, every one to his taste! I must join my brothers in the cornfield. Good-bye."

The Golden Horse watched her as she flapped her dusky wings across the meadow. Flying did look delightful! For the first time in his life he knew what envy meant. Oh, if he could fly!

The western breezes came up laden with rose scents from the garden, but though their old friend faced about to meet them, he was indifferent to their messages, and they soon left him for a more genial listener. The sunbeams caressed him, and a little boy on the lawn below prattled in his soft baby way that usually was like music to the Golden Horse. "Pitty pony! Pitty gold pony!" chirped the little one; but the childish praise fell on ears dulled by discontent and envy.

"He can walk, he can run," thought the Golden Horse. "Why can't I do something?"

Days slipped by, and the beautiful golden creature poised on top of the barn cupola did not recover his lost happiness. Every time a bird or a bee flew past him he was filled with an intense longing for wings; and as all his wishing did not bring them he grew sullen and miserable. After a time he ceased to be polite. He said gloomily that if he couldn't do anything but whirl he might as well keep still, and he would not obey the calls of the eastern breezes when they begged him to turn about and see the raindrops that were fast following in their train. He had grown so unhappy that he did not care even for the tinkling raindrops that always told him such grand stories of the big ocean, and he made believe that he did not hear them, standing stock still and making no sign.

The rain hosts were his companions for many days, and when at last they went away and the gentle south breezes stole up with their sweet, coaxing voices the Golden Horse, tired of remaining in one position, attempted to whirl around to greet them.

Alas! he found to his horror that he

could not move. There was rust beneath his feet, and he had no power to thrust it away. Bitterly he repented his bad humor, for something told him if he had not stood so resolutely still the wicked rust could never have woven his feet in such a net. But the mischief was done, and the Golden Horse was forced to face the northern mountains.

Things went on in this way for weeks. The Golden Horse longed no more for wings, but only for the power to whirl as he used to whirl before that ill-fated visit of Miss Crow.

One sultry August day he was especially dispirited. For hours not a breeze had come near, and the sunbeams were scorchingly hot. At last a few of his old friends straggled up from the southwest land with rumors of a great storm. "We have never seen its like!" they said, and then hurried away to give the warning to others.

Along the horizon line were gathering snowy caps of clouds. Higher and higher they rose, and as they advanced their places in the rear were taken up by thick, murky shapes that grew more threatening every moment. A multitude of breezes hustled up from the west, bringing still more terrible accounts of the storm that was on the way, until everybody began to tremble, and to look with foreboding at the unusual sky.

The Golden Horse longed to turn about and face the coming clouds that he might see for himself just how terrible they looked. But he could not move, and so only got a glimpse of them with his left eye.

Soon was heard low, rolling thunder, while an awful blackness covered everything. The gloom was broken only by flashes of lightning, which were more frightful than the darkness. Then the raindrops came, big, impetuous fellows, and all eager to tell the story of the storm as they had viewed it from their sky windows. It made the Golden Horse shudder.

Suddenly there was a strange rumble that was not thunder. It came nearer and nearer. Then, with a fearful noise, something hurled itself out from the blackness and struck the Golden Horse with a force that sent him spinning through the air. When he came to himself he was lying on his side, wet and cold and bruised.

"Was that flying?" he thought. "If it was, I want no more of it! What a horrible moment!" and he shivered at the recollection. He wondered where he was, and if he should ever stand on his feet again.

Gradually it grew lighter, and he could see that he had fallen quite near the farmhouse. The thunder had ceased, and the raindrops had run away. He heard talking.

"O papa!" chirped the voice he so well knew, "here is the pitty gold pony! It has come down to play wif me!"

"Sure enough," chimed in a man, cheerily. "Blew the cupola clean off. I've been intending to see what ailed that horse. He hadn't done his duty lately, and the cyclone has saved me the trouble of going up there."

"And may I have the pony to keep forever'n' ever?"

"I'm afraid not, pet. Then how should we know which way the wind blew? But we'll take him indoors tonight, and fix him up. Here!"

The Golden Horse felt a twinge through

his feet while the man was speaking, and then he was in two chubby hands, and a baby voice was whispering soft love-words in his ears.

"Tomorrow I'll put the pony in place," said the man. "He's a little rusty, that's all."

And the next day the Golden Horse was carried out through a swarm of bright sunbeams, and set on top of the replaced cupola, and when the farmer had left him and two little south breezes came greeting their old acquaintance, then—joy!—he whirled, yes, actually whirled, around to see them, finding to his unspeakable delight that he was able to move as easily as in the good days which he had feared were past forever.

And the breezes from north and south and east and west came thronging up, all with pleasant words for their friend, and he was kept turning this way and that, in order to slight no one. And the sunbeams caressed him, saying, "So glad to have you back again!" Surely, home was a pleasant place.

"See the pitty pony! Pony whirl yight yound! Nice pony!" cooed the wee boy in the yard.

And the Golden Horse thought softly to himself: "Yes, I am going to be a nice pony after this! Now I know what I am here for: I am here to whirl. And I don't see why whirling is not every bit as good as flying. It is certainly much better for me. I was not made to fly. Everybody in his own place, doing his own work"—that's what I heard the farmer's wife say last night, and I think she is right. Oh, how happy I am!—Whir-r-r-r-r!"

Meriden, Conn.

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IT is a good thing to use Mellin's Food in conjunction with the breast; it relieves the mother from excessive strain and also leaves her more free to attend her many household and social duties.

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MARY H. REMINGTON  
Providence, R. I.

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

## Third Quarter Lesson IX

SUNDAY, AUGUST 26, 1900.

JOHN 10: 1-16.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

## JESUS THE GOOD SHEPHERD

## I Preliminary

1. GOLDEN TEXT: *The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.* — John 10: 11.

2. DATE: A. D. 29, October.

3. PLACE: Jerusalem, probably.

4. HOME READINGS: *Monday* — John 10: 1-16. *Tuesday* — John 10: 17-30. *Wednesday* — Ezek. 34: 1-10. *Thursday* — Ezek. 34: 11-19. *Friday* — Ezek. 34: 20-31. *Saturday* — Psa. 23. *Sunday* — 1 Pet. 2: 19-25.

## II Introductory

We are indebted, probably, to the arbitrary course taken by the Jewish rulers in the case of the blind man (see last lesson), for the beautiful allegory which is the subject of our present study. The priests had haughtily used their power and excommunicated the man; and Jesus now solemnly excommunicates the priests. They had not rejoiced over this miracle of healing. They had offered no praises for this signal proof of God's presence and power. They had no congratulations for this man, born blind, but whose long night of darkness had been changed to the light of day. On the contrary, their behavior had been angry, contemptuous and oppressive — not that of the true pastor of the flock, but rather that of the thief who had climbed over into the fold, usurped the place of authority, and had ill-treated and scattered the sheep. The Chief Shepherd here exposes their true character, and employs the familiar and suggestive imagery supplied by the pastoral life of Palestine to illustrate many important truths.

The shepherd, He assured His hearers, showed that he was a shepherd, not by climbing thief-like over the fence, but by entering in at the door. The porter opened to him. The sheep recognized his voice. They came at his call. And when he has thrust them all forth from the fold, he puts himself at their head, and they willingly follow him to the pasture lands. But you know, He added, how sheep behave towards strangers: A strange voice alarms them, and puts them to flight.

The allegory was transparent and significant enough, but they had no ears to hear; therefore our Lord proceeded to explain and apply His teaching. The two prominent ideas were "the door" and "the shepherd." Jesus claimed to be both. "I am the Door," He said. All the Old Testament institutions, prophecies, promises, so far as they refer to entrance into the fold, refer to Me. All, therefore, who, either before My time or now, have professed to be the Door, have been thieves and robbers. They have refused to enter by Me, the only Door; they have climbed up some other way. But the true flock, the true sheep of God, have not listened to them. Not only am I the only Door, I am also the true Door; they who enter by Me, whether shepherd or sheep, shall find protection, and shall be at home either in the fold or in the pasture land. The would-be shepherd, who is a thief at heart, comes only to plunder and to kill; I am come to confer life and abundance.

And then the application of the teaching passes from the "door" to the "shepherd." "I am the Good Shepherd," Jesus declares — the very ideal Shepherd, because I count not My life dear for the sheep's sake. The selfish hireling who pretends to be a shepherd, but who does not own the sheep, fleeth at the approach of danger, and leaves the flock to be torn by ravening wolves; but I, the Good Shepherd, who know the sheep, and whom the sheep also know, just as I know the Father and the Father knoweth Me, am ready to lay down My life in their behalf; and not for them only, but also for other sheep scattered through Gentile lands, whom I must lead to the one fold, that there may be one flock and one Shepherd.

## III Expository

1. **Verily, verily I say unto you** — the usual preface to some important truth, but often used, as here, to conclude a discourse. Hence this chapter is closely connected with the preceding one. **Entereth not by the door.** — The sheepfold is an enclosed area, into which the various flocks are driven at night by the shepherds, and committed to the care of the "porter," or under-shepherd, for protection from robbers and beasts of prey. It has a "door" — an appropriate place of entrance and egress. The walls are not high, and evil-minded persons may scale them; but, by this act of climbing over, their real character as intruders, who have no right to the premises, is revealed. To apply the figure, the "fold" is the visible Church of God, both before and after Christ. Within its walls the "flock," the community of believers, find safety and protection. Christ is "the door" (in the first ten verses), the "way" into the church, alike for the shepherd and the sheep. The "entering in" is by faith and obedience. Only those who thus "enter in" are entitled to the privileges and protection of the fold. **A thief and a robber** — whose purpose is to harass, or fleece, or butcher, but not to feed the sheep. Jesus here intimates to the Jewish rulers that they have no rightful authority over the flock. They have no right in the fold and have not entered by the door, and have received no commission from Him to execute the office of a shepherd. He brands them, therefore, as "thieves and robbers."

2, 3. **He that entereth . . . the shepherd.** — The term is generic and refers to all faithful pastors. They show themselves such in entering by the door. **Of the sheep** — "not the mingled multitude of good and bad, but the real sheep — the faithful, who are what all in the fold should be" (Alford). **To him the porter.** — Various interpretations of "the porter": The Holy Spirit (Lange, Stier, Alford); Christ (Cyril, Augustine); Moses (Chrysostom); John the Baptist (Godet); the licensing power of the church when moved by the Holy Ghost (Whedon). Meyer, Lücke, De Wette, think that "the porter" need not be explained — that he is thrown in to fill up the picture. **Sheep hear his voice.** — The shepherd's voice is recognized by the sheep, and his call obeyed. In like manner the invitations of the true pastor are listened to and heeded by the flock over which he ministers. **Call-eth his own sheep by name.** — peculiarly "his," and endeared to him by their docility and helplessness. There were several flocks folded at once, but each sheep recognized his own shepherd's call. **Leadeth them out** — unto the rich pasture-lands of Revelation and by the water of the river of life (Psalm 23; Isa. 40: 11).

Jesus takes a living, personal, peculiar inter-

est in each redeemed soul; bending over it continually with infinite tenderness, watching each doubt, each fear, each trial, each temptation, each fall, each rising again, each conflict, each victory, each defeat, watching each, and all with a solicitude as special and particular as if it were upon it that the exclusive regards of His loving heart were fixed. No vague, indefinite, indiscriminate superintendence is that which the Good Shepherd still exercises over His flock, but a care that particularizes each separate member of it, and descends to the minutest incidents of his history (Hanna).

4. **When he putteth forth his own sheep.** — The sheep are timid at first, and linger behind, reluctant to leave the enclosure. A gentle force must sometimes be used to drive them forth. Lange and Godet interpret these words as a prophecy of the approaching thrusting forth of Christ's followers from the Jewish fold. **Goeth before them.** — In Porter's "Giant Cities of Bashan" occurs the following graphic description: "The shepherds led their flocks forth from the gate of the city. Thousands of sheep and goats were thus grouped in dense, confused masses. The shepherds stood together until all came out. Then they separated, each shepherd taking a different path, and uttering a shrill, peculiar call. At first the masses swayed and moved as if shaken by some internal confusion; then points struck out in the directions taken by the shepherds; these became longer and longer until the confused masses were resolved into long, living streams following after their leaders."

5. **A stranger will they not follow . . . flee from him.** — Says Dr. Thomson: "If a stranger call, they stop short, lift up their heads in alarm; and if it is repeated, they turn and flee. The shepherd's voice cannot be simulated." In like manner the counterfeit tone and teaching of unfaithful and undevout ministers are quickly detected by the spiritual ears of meek and truth-loving disciples who shun and fly from the unfamiliar "voice."

6. **This parable** — more strictly, an allegory, or an apologue. The word (*parabola*) here rendered "parable" is not the same as that so commonly used by the synoptists (*parabole*). It means anything which diverges from the common modes of speech. **They understood not** — They failed to catch the drift and design of His teaching. So entrenched were they in their false authority, and so complacent and self-satisfied in their acknowledged position as the religious leaders of the people, that they never dreamed that Jesus is here describing them as thieves and robbers (see Isa. 6: 9-10; Dan. 12: 10; Matt. 13: 13, 14).

7. **Then said Jesus (R. V., "Jesus therefore said").** They did not understand; "therefore" He divided the allegory by way of explaining it, proclaiming Himself, first, "the Door," and afterward "the Good Shepherd." **I am the door of the sheep.** — The emphasis is on "I." Jesus claims to be Himself the portal to the church; "not a thing of wood, but a spiritual, living

**"Give Him an Inch,  
He'll Take an Ell."**

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door, discriminating those entering in" (Cyril). "Through Him we have access by faith to this grace wherein we stand" (Rom. 5:2). "Even the shepherds — except the one Shepherd — are sheep also" (Westcott).

8. **All that ever came before me** — all who have come, professing to be "the door," before I came as "the Door." Alford understands by them "the false teachers, and their father, the devil, who was the first thief to climb into God's fold, and made the first attempt to lead human nature before Christ came."

Many such nominal shepherds had the people of Israel had in by-gone years — rulers in whom the art of ruling had been but kingcraft; teachers whose instruction to the people had been but priestcraft (Robertson). — It refers to "the ravening wolves in sheep's clothing," who had been, and still were, the ruin of the nation, who "devoured widows' houses," who had "taken away the key of knowledge," and were in very truth "thieves and robbers" (Cambridge Bible).

9. **By me if any man enter in** — referring to him who enters the kingdom of God through Christ. **Shall be saved** — delivered from spiritual danger, being incorporated into the spiritual flock. **Go in and out and find pasture**. — Says Ryle: "'Go in and out' is a Hebraism, implying the habit of using a dwelling as a home, and expressing the habitual and happy intercourse of a believer with Christ."

10. **The thief cometh not, but for to** (R. V., "but that he may") **steal**, etc. — The thief's motive is plunder, and he scruples not to take life in the accomplishment of his purpose. Notice that the thief is not *openly* a thief. He is in the guise of a shepherd, but he is a thief at heart. False teachers have no other purpose than to enrich themselves, whatever interest they may profess. **I am come . . . have life**. — Our Lord's purpose, as opposed to that of the thief, who steals, kills, destroys, is to confer life — true life, life in its highest, fullest, noblest sense, the very crown of life. **Might have it more abundantly**. — R. V. omits "more." The best commentators prefer, "may have abundance," that is, all superadded blessings for soul and for body.

11. **I am the good Shepherd** — the ideal, the genuine, the faithful, the true (the word *Kalos*, here rendered good, is almost untranslatable) Shepherd. **Giveth** (R. V., "layeth down") **his life for the sheep** — that is, is ready to meet any risk, to face death, if need be, for the sheep. This devotion shows that he is genuine as contrasted with the hireling.

12-15. **He that is an hireling, and not the** (R. V., "a") **shepherd** — the mere mercenary, who cares only for the pay and has not the shepherd's heart. **Seeth** (R. V., "beholdeth") **the wolf coming** — the wilful opponents to truth, such, for example, as the Pharisees were towards the Christian flock. **Wolf catcheth** (R. V., "snatcheth") **them** — in their unprotected condition, abandoned by the hireling. **Hireling fleeth**. — He is by nature selfish and cowardly. In the hour of danger he cares only for himself and leaves the sheep to their own fate. **Know my sheep** (R. V., "I know Mine own") — the intimate, direct knowledge which comes from union with them. No minister, however faithful, can "know" his flock as the Good Shepherd knows them. **Am known of mine** (R. V., "Mine own know Me") — the reciprocal knowledge of Christ on the part of the believer. **As the Father**, etc. (R. V., "even as the Father knoweth Me, and I know the Father"). — These words should have been joined to the preceding verse.

16. **Other sheep I have** — outside the Jewish fold; the despised Gentiles. **I must**

**bring**. — Jesus was sent to all the world, to every creature. **They shall be one fold**, etc. (R. V., "they shall become one flock, one shepherd") — where there shall be "neither Greek nor Jew . . . barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free," but all shall be one — not necessarily in creed, but in Christ.

#### IV Inferential

1. Into the heavenly fold there is but one portal — Christ. He is the way. Through Him alone we have access. In Him alone we have security. We are shut in by Him.

2. There may be found in the fold those who profess to be shepherds or pastors, but who have no business there; who have ignored Christ the Door, and entered by some way of their own from motives of self-interest.

3. There are true pastors and false ones. The true pastor is one whom Christ admits and who has certain relations to the flock. His sheep are individually and affectionately known by Him; they recognize His voice as genuine by a spiritual instinct, and submit to His guidance.

4. Even our Lord was not always understood in some of His plainest teachings. His ministers should not complain if they find hearers slow of understanding.

5. Jesus was the model Shepherd, freely laying down His life in behalf of the flock, and not forgetting that there were other sheep who were waiting to be folded; whereas the shepherds of His day, who claimed authority and leadership, were wolves or hirelings at heart.

6. Christ's death was violent, so far as His murderers were concerned; perfectly voluntary so far as His own will was concerned.

#### ALUM BAKING POWDERS IN CONGRESS

##### Report That Evidence of Their Harmfulness is Overwhelming

The Committee on Manufactures of the Senate were some time ago directed to investigate food adulterations, and accumulated a volume of testimony upon the subject from the best informed parties and highest scientific authorities in the country.

One of the greatest sources of danger to our foods, the Committee state in their report, exists in alum baking powders. The Committee found the testimony, they say, overwhelmingly condemnatory of the use of alum in baking powders, and recommended that such use be prohibited by law.

Senator Mason, discussing in the Senate the report of the Committee and the several bills introduced to carry the recommendations of the Committee into effect, said:—

When we made this report, we made it based on the evidence before us, and the evidence is simply overwhelming. I do not care how big a lobby there may be here for the alum baking powder. I do not care how many memorials they publish, there is no place in the human economy of human food for this thing called alum. The overwhelming evidence of the leading physicians and scientists of this country is that it is absolutely unfit to go into human food, and that in many cases — if the gentleman will read the evidence, some of the physicians say they can trace cases in their own practice — there are diseases of the kidney due to the perpetual use of alum in their daily bread.

When you mix a mineral poison, as they all say that alum is, it is impossible to mix it always to such a degree that there will not be a residuum left of alum, which produces alumina, and which contributes largely to the diseases of the people in this country.

I want to give the Senate an idea of the class of men we have called. They are the leading scientists from every college of the United States that we could get hold of.

Senator Mason, from a long list of sci-

tists who had testified as to the hurtfulness of alum baking powders, and as to the healthfulness of cream of tartar powders, mentioned the following:—

Appleton, John Howard, professor of chemistry, Brown University, Providence, R. I.

Arnold, J. W. S., professor, University of New York.

Atwater, W. O., professor and director, Government experimental station, Washington, D. C.

Barker, George F., professor, University of Pennsylvania.

Caldwell, G. C., professor, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

Chandler, C. F., professor, Columbia University, New York.

Chittenden, Russell H., professor, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

Cornwall, H. B., professor, University of Princeton, New Jersey.

Crampton, C. A., professor, Division of Chemistry, Washington, D. C.

Fairhurst, Alfred, professor, chemist, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky.

Frear, William, professor, State College, Pennsylvania.

Jenkins, Edward H., professor, department of agriculture, State of Connecticut.

Johnson, S. W., professor, Yale College, New Haven, Conn.

Mallet, John William, professor, University of Virginia.

Mew, W. M., professor, Army and Medical Department, United States Government.

Morton, Henry, president of Stevens Institute, Hoboken, N. J.

Monroe, Charles Edward, professor of chemistry, Columbian University, Washington, D. C.

Prescott, Albert B., professor, University of Michigan, Ann Harbor, Mich.

Price, A. F., medical director, United States Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Smart, Charles, lieutenant-colonel, assistant surgeon-general, United States Army.

Sternberg, George M., Surgeon-General, United States Army, Washington, D. C.

Tucker, Willis G., professor of chemistry, and chemist of State Board of Health, State of New York.

Vaughan, Victor C., professor, University of Michigan, Ann Harbor, Mich.

Van Reypen, W. K., Surgeon-General, United States Navy, Washington, D. C.

Wiley, Prof. H. W., Chief Chemist, Department of Agriculture, United States, Washington, D. C.

Wyman, Walter, Surgeon-General United States Marine Hospital, Washington, D. C.

MR. PETTIGREW. Was there any testimony which showed that there were cases of injury to health as a result of constant use of alum?

MR. MASON. Yes; I can turn you to the testimony.

MR. PETTIGREW. I do not care to have the Senator turn to it. I simply want to emphasize the point. I agree with the Senator. It has always been my own impression that alum baking powder is injurious, but I wanted to bring it out and make it emphatic, if the proof sustains that position.

MR. MASON. I quite agree with the Senator. It is claimed that there is not a country in Europe that does not prohibit the use of alum. Certainly three or four of the leading countries of Europe to which I have had my attention called prohibit the use of alum in baking powder.

MR. PETTIGREW. Did the chemists who came before the Committee, these professors, generally testify — was it the result of their evidence — that the cream of tartar baking powder is healthy and does not leave a residuum which is injurious to health?

MR. MASON. Yes; I say emphatically, yes; that the weight of the evidence is, that whenever any of these distinguished men, who have a national reputation, the leading chemists of the colleges, were interrogated upon the point, they stated that fact, every one of them, to my recollection.

— Practice to make God thy last thought at night when thou sleepest, and thy first thought when thou wakest; so shall thy fancy be sanctified in the night and thy understanding be rectified in the day; so shall thy rest be peaceful and thy labors prosperous. — *Francis Quarles*.



## OUR BOOK TABLE

**History of the Christian Church.** By John Fletcher Hurst. Volume II. Eaton & Mains: New York. Price, \$5.

This is Vol. VIII in the "Library of Biblical and Theological Literature," edited by George R. Crooks, D. D., and John F. Hurst, D. D., and Vol. II of this department — "History of the Christian Church." This stout book of over 900 pages, with complete index and table of contents, is comprehensive, veracious and critical. It is a library in itself, and a volume which deserves immediate and searching attention from our preachers at large. For those who have covered the ground, the work will be found confirmatory and refreshing; for those who have not canvassed these epochs of church history, it will prove a thesaurus of information and suggestion. It is not always comforting to the novice to follow the zigzag history of the church, its strange backslidings and declensions, its prostitutions before worldly power and riches, but it is better always to know the truth. The historic student of the church is made keen and wary lest Zion bow the knee to the Baal of wealth and power of this day. There is special pertinency to the lessons taught in this volume concerning the heresies which the church has so strenuously cherished in its past history. That error has been held and taught by good men, and that it has stiffened into creed and had the support of distinguished councils, will make the impartial and open-eyed observer less confident of the dogmatism which is current today. The general divisions of this history are: "Heralds of the Better Church;" "The Reformation;" "The Intermediate Period;" "The Recent Period."

**Modern Italy, 1748 — 1898.** By Pietro Orsi, Professor of History in the R. Liceo Foscarini, Venice. Translated by Mary Alice Vialis. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York.

This volume, in the excellent series of "The Story of the Nations," is one of the most interesting and informational of the entire list. The last fifty years in the history of Italy have been of great moment and have developed marked men of ability and patriotism. So far as we know, this very important period is not covered by any consecutive and comprehensive history. The translator, who has done her work so well, says, in closing an admirable preface: "It is trusted that this record will form one more link in the already long and lasting chain which binds united Italy to England, and that it will likewise be a factor in ensuring for Italians transatlantic suffrages; for surely America, with her own cherished traditions of liberty, will not be slow to lend a sympathetic ear to the 'story of a nation' that, in her gallant struggle for independence, has won her way, in spite of internal anarchy and foreign oppression, out of the darkness and confusion of the old unhappy past to the dawn of a new day that brings her the inestimable blessings of unity and freedom."

**Addresses on Foreign Missions.** Delivered before the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. By Richard S. Storrs, D. D., LL. D., President of the Board, 1887-1897. Published by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions: Congregational House, Boston. Price, \$1.

This volume includes Dr. Storrs' address before the International Congregational Council on "The Permanent Motive in Missionary Work." The call for this collection has been constant and from many quarters. Thousands in all parts of the country who have heard one or more of these addresses will welcome them most heartily as among the finest specimens of sacred eloquence with which the present generation has been favored. Dr. Storrs was an unrivaled master in the art of putting things. No stronger, more compre-

hensive or pertinent words than these have been spoken on the supreme cause of missions.

**Up In Maine.** Stories of Yankee Life Told in Verse. By Holman F. Day. With an Introduction by C. E. Littlefield. Small, Maynard & Company: Boston. Price, \$1.

The author, in his preface (which is a poem), characterizes well the quality of his own verse in these lines: —

"I cannot polish off this stilted rhyme  
With all these homely notions in my brain,  
A sonnet, sir, would stick me every time;  
Let's have a chat 'bout common things in  
Maine."

Mr. Littlefield, in his "Introduction," puts it well in saying of the volume: "Rugged independence, singleness of purpose, unswerving integrity, philosophy adequate for all occasions, the great realities of life, and a cheerful disregard of conventionalities, are here found in all their native strength and vigor. These peculiarities as delineated may be rough, perhaps uncouth, but they are characteristic, picturesque, engaging and life-like."

**Would Christ Belong to a Labor Union?** or, *Henry Fielding's Dream.* By Cortland Myers, D. D. Street & Smith: 238 William St., New York.

Dr. Myers, who, by the way, is a good illustration of a successful minister, has put into this well-written story many of the perplexities, trials and victories of a live and burden-bearing minister. The principal character, Henry Fielding, leaves his widowed mother on the old farm in Vermont and goes to the city to learn a trade, that he may get on faster so as to pay off the mortgage on the farm and relieve his mother. He soon becomes involved in the struggle between capital and labor, turns against the church in which he was reared, and is made to believe that it has no sympathy with the laboring man. By chance he notes on a church bulletin-board that the minister is to preach on "Would Christ Belong to a Labor Union?" He goes to hear the sermon, is ultimately converted, and becomes a strong advocate and defender of the church that he had deserted. The part that a lovable sister, and especially Grace Chalmers, the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer, play in the tale, is told with tender effect. The story teaches a profound and healthy lesson, and we heartily approve it.

**Man and His Divine Father.** By John C. C. Clarke, D. D. A. C. McClurg, & Co.: Chicago. Price, \$1.50.

This is a fresh treatment of systematic divinity from the point of view of the conservative theologian, though the author, in reaching his conclusions, has not neglected the most recent results of scientific inquiry. He says of his purpose, in the preface: "The book aims to bring cheer and hope to human souls. All are puzzled with the problems of their own being and happiness. This is philosophy, and all men are philosophers; but largely without method, and with poor logic, and no first principles. Hence, there is little agreement; and what is called 'Reason and Common Sense' is, in a great degree, nonsense. In the chaos of opinions we try to find the line and system of plain truth." The book is logical, luminous and faith-making.

**American Inventions and Inventors.** By William A. Mowry, A. M., Ph. D., and Arthur May Mowry, A. M. Silver, Burdett & Company: New York, Boston and Chicago. Price, \$1.

The story of the gradual emergence from crude modes to the most advanced methods of heating and lighting, of raising and preparing food, of increasing facilities for travel, and for transmission of news, is told very entertainingly in this book. While primarily intended for children, it can be read by adults with benefit and interest. The subject is divided into six parts: Heat, Light, Food, Clothing, Trav-

el, and Letters. The many illustrations show a comparison between old-time methods and those of the present day. There are many bright anecdotes of inventors given and incidents in their lives. It is just the book to place in the hands of a boy with an inventive turn of mind and a genius for working out his ideas.

**The Head of Pasht.** By Willis Boyd Allen. E. P. Dutton & Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50.

This is a collection of detective stories all centering about one, which has for the basis of its plot a button bearing the head of Pasht, the Egyptian cat-god, upon it. In circling from Colville Junction to Egypt, and then back to New York city, the author gets in some very good descriptions of cities and scenery, and finally solves the mystery for us at the latter place.

**Stephen Decatur.** By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Small, Maynard & Co.: Boston. Price, 75 cents.

This is another in the elegant series of Beacon Biographies, edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe, to which we have called attention on several occasions. Stephen Decatur was the most conspicuous figure in the naval history of the United States for the hundred years between Paul Jones and Farragut. His patriotism no less than his

## A PUNGENT FOOD DRINK

## With the Taste of Coffee

"Perhaps no one has suffered more from the use of coffee or failed oftener in the attempt to leave it off, than I have. Although I never drank more than half a cup at a time, it even then gave me sour stomach and a whole catalogue of misery. This kept up for a long period and time and again I have resolved that I positively would drink no more coffee, but alas, the rest of the family used it, and, like the reformed drunkard who smells whiskey and falls again, when I smelled coffee, I could not resist it."

"Finally we came to try Postum Food Coffee and my trouble was over at once. There I had my favorite beverage — a crisp, dark brown, rich coffee, with a fine pungent coffee taste, and yet with no sour stomach or nervous troubles after it. On the contrary, I have gained gradually in strength and sturdy health. All who have spoken to me about Postum agree, and we have found it so, that the directions for making must be followed, and it must be boiled at least fifteen minutes, or more, and it also requires the addition of good cream. We have tried boiling it a few minutes when in a special hurry, but found it insipid and unsatisfactory; whereas by proper boiling, it is dark and rich, with a delightful flavor."

"Dr. McMillan of Sunbeam, Ill., said he had used Postum and found it to be just as good as coffee, and more healthful. He is an M. D. of fine standing. Mr. David Strong and sister have left off coffee and are using Postum. They find it much more healthful. Rev. W. T. Campbell, pastor of the Second United Presbyterian Church of this city, says: 'You may say anything good that you wish about Postum Food Coffee and I will substantiate it.' He was a very great lover of coffee and yet found it very injurious to his health. He now drinks Postum three times a day and the old troubles have disappeared."

"I shrink from having my name appear in public. The statement I have given you is truthful, and I hope will aid some people to discover that coffee is the cause of their aches and ills, and they are in a way to get rid of their troubles by leaving off coffee and taking up Postum Food Coffee."

This lady lives at Monmouth, Ill., and her name can be given by letter, upon application to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., makers of Postum, at Battle Creek, Mich.



daring and skill as a naval commander was of the highest order. He well deserves a place among the distinguished names which appear in this series.

**The Carpenter.** By Rev. Charles A. S. Dwight. E. B. Treat & Co.: New York. Price, 50 cents.

In thirteen chapters of 122 pages the writer presents the "Carpenter of Nazareth," as he sees Him. The treatment is fresh, discriminative and photographic. The book will help the reader to some larger view of this indescribable character.

**Work and Play.** Talks with Students. By John E. Bradley, Ph. D., LL. D., President of Illinois College. The Pilgrim Press: Boston.

These familiar addresses were first given to the students of Illinois College. They were reported and, most of them, first published in the *College Rambler*. After revision, they are now given to the larger public who are interested in student life and student aims. There are twelve chapters in this volume, in which such vital themes as, "Intellectual Growth," "Work," "Play," "Health," "Habit," "Reserve Power," "What is Education?" etc., are discussed with signal freshness, lucidity and sanity.

**The Story of Robert Raikes for the Young.** By J. Henry Harris, editor of "Robert Raikes: the Man and his Work." With a prefatory note to the Authorized American Edition by Edwin W. Rice, D. D. The Union Press: Philadelphia. Price, 50 cents.

Ten millions of Sunday-school people ought to know of the man who originated the modern Sunday-school movement a hundred and twenty years ago. This book tells the story so charmingly that one will wish to read it without pause, and so briefly that it can be finished at a sitting. Mr. Raikes died April 5, 1811, at the age of seventy-five. His statue was erected on the Thames embankment in 1880, at the great centenary celebration of the founding of Sunday-schools.

## Magazines

—The Midsummer Fiction Number of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* has entertaining stories by Mary E. Wilkins, Conan Doyle, F. Hopkinson Smith, Edgar Fawcett, and "Josiah Allen's Wife." A colored frontispiece illustrates "An Impression of the Regency." The Infanta Eulalie of Spain contributes an illustrated article upon "Girls of Two Republics." Certainly the August issue of this attractive magazine will be equally welcomed by vacationers and stay-at-homes. (Frank Leslie Publishing House: 141-143 Fifth Ave., New York.)

—The "End of the Harvest," from the painting by George Wetherbee, is the frontispiece of the August *Chautauquan*. Two other full-page illustrations appear—"Song of the Lark," by Jules Breton, and "Harvesting," by Julien Dupré. A good list of articles for reading and study is provided this month, including: "Famous Light-houses of the World," by Gustav Kobbé; "Philip Freneau," by Fred Lewis Pattee; "The Present Status of University Degrees," by Calvin Dill Wilson; "What is being Done in Textile Education," by Jane A. Stewart; "By Rail to Peking," by Mary H. Kront; "Our Nation and the Trade of the World," by George B. Waldron; "Tuskegee Negro Conference," by Max Bennett Thrasher; with verses, stories, talk about books, etc. (Chautauqua Press: Cleveland, Ohio.)

—"Queen Log and Queen Stork," by Susan Coolidge, in the August *St. Nicholas*, is one of the best short stories for girls that has appeared in a long while. Rev. Charles M. Sheldon tells about "A Trip with a Professional Rain-maker." "The 'Lucky Lieutenant'" is a true story about a young Irish

officer who lived through a series of hair-breadth escapes by sea and land, told by Reginald Gourlay. "The Greatest Explosion of Historic Times" is discovered to be that of the volcano of Krakatua, in 1883. The making of "A Miniature Castle" is described, and pictured from photographs. Grace Ellery Channing's "Last Cruise of the 'Stella di Mare'" is illustrated by Orson Lowell, whose "Feluccas on the Mediterranean" is the magazine's frontispiece. (Century Company: New York.)

—The *Sunday School Journal*, Rev. Thomas B. Neely, D. D., LL. D., editor, comes to us in a greatly changed appearance. The first thing that strikes us is its new color, which is a pleasing shade of light blue. Then the quality and weight of the paper in the cover, which is a decided improvement. The title has been modified in a very suggestive way. It is no longer merely the *Sunday School Journal*. It is that, but it is also more. It is the *Sunday School Journal and Bible Student's Magazine*. This means a broader purpose. On the cover is a half-tone picture which is to be changed in each number. The table of contents has been placed inside. A number of new departments have been added. Besides the editorials and general contributions there are special departments, for example: "Opinions," giving the views of experts; "Queries," in which the editor answers submitted inquiries; "What Others Say;" "What Others are Doing;" "Research;" "The Home Department;" and others are promised in future numbers. The September issue contains 79 pages of reading matter.

## Literary Notes

—Macmillan & Company will shortly issue a deluxe edition of Walter Pater's complete works.

—Anthony Hope's new novel, "Quisante," has just been received in manuscript by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, and will be published in the early fall.

—Miss Gertrude Hall has written a romance entitled "April's Sowing," which will be among the fall publications. The title is quoted from a stanza in "Pippa Passes":—

"You'll love me yet!—and I can tarry  
Your love's protracted growing;  
June reared that bunch of flowers you carry  
From seeds of April's sowing."

—"The Lane that has No Turning" is the title of a new book by Mr. Gilbert Parker, which will be published by Doubleday, Page & Co. in the autumn. It is a dramatic story of Quebec, Mr. Parker's favorite literary hunting-ground, and will be the first book published by Mr. Parker since 1898.

—A new novel by Miss Brandon (Mrs. M. E. Maxwell) will be published in the early autumn by Harper & Brothers. It will be called "The Infidel." The scenes are laid in the times of George II.

—Thiers' "Expédition de Bonaparte en Egypte," selected and edited, with notes, by C. Fabrégou of the College of the City of New York, will shortly be issued by D. C. Heath & Co.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. are the publishers of Marie Corelli's forthcoming novel, "The Master Christian," whose title suggests a literary tourney with Mr. Hall Caine on his own ground. The basis of it is the imaginary return of the Christ Child to the world in the form of a founding of the present day: the motive of it, a scathing denunciation of the shams and sins of much of the so-called Christianity of the time. — *Literary World*.

—Says the *Bookman*: "Miss Florence Converse, the author of 'The Burden of Christopher,' was graduated from Wellesley College in 1893, and she is at present a resident of Denison House, the Boston College Settlement. Miss Converse is on the editorial staff of the *Churchman*, having succeeded Miss Krause (Barbara Yechton), who recently retired from editorial work."

## AT KING'S CHAPEL

REV. J. D. PICKLES, PH. D.

IT was the privilege of the writer, in tarrying over a Sunday at the Hub, to worship at historic King's Chapel, Aug. 5. The opening service of ritual and song was impressive in its simplicity and conducive to spiritual communion. The preacher was Prof. William Everett, whose fame had attracted my attendance. His text was, "Have ye received the Holy Spirit since ye believed?" The development of his theme led him to emphasize at length the person and principles of Jesus Christ. In doing this Dr. Everett, with that classic diction for which he has become famous, and in glowing periods, paid splendid tribute to the ethic of the Great Teacher, speaking of His teaching as the supreme and perfect expression of moral possibility, unequaled by any other of the great religious teachers of the ages. He then spoke of Jesus as the perfect embodiment of His own perfect ethic, the one revelation of God to man.

I had followed his discussion with great interest and profit as he unfolded his thought concerning the perfect law and the perfect life, and waited with enkindled interest his application of the text. Had the reverend Doctor been in an orthodox pulpit and of recognized orthodoxy, I would have had no misgivings. As it was, I waited. I need not have worried, for straight as an arrow to the mark, and with unquestionable orthodoxy, though unlabeled, the good Professor, with Anglo-Saxon strength of speech and with true Methodist fervor, urged the personal and conscious indwelling of the Holy Spirit as the only insuring power to the mastery of the Gospel ethic or the imitation of the Master's life; that not the ethic itself, nor the imitation of the character of Christ, could secure the fulfillment of the Divine purpose. Only the power of the Holy Spirit pervading and filling man's nature could secure the high ends of moral life.

It was with refreshment of spirit and added energy of life that I passed out, as others must have, from beneath the positive and Spirit-accompanying message of the morning.

Westfield, Mass.

Some people say it won't pay us to advertise **The Prophylactic Tooth Brush**. It will pay us hand-  
somely if only people who value clean teeth and better health for themselves and their children will use  
SOLD ONLY IN A YELLOW BOX—for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the  
mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts—cleans between the teeth. Hole in handle and hook to  
hold it. This means much to cleanly persons—the only ones who like our brush. Adults' 35c.  
Youths' 25c. Children's 15c. By mail or at dealers. Send for free booklet "Tooth Truths."  
FLORENCE MFG. CO., 21 Pine St., Florence, Mass.



**Prophylactic Tooth Brush**



### ONLY A SUGGESTION

As you travel down life's pathway  
Cast the rocks aside;  
Pluck the thorns from out the highway  
And the brambles from the byway.  
Aiding those who're in the wrong way.  
Make this rule your guide.

Thus you smooth the way for others  
Who must follow you;  
And you make their trials fewer  
And life easier to endure,  
And the world will grow more pure  
For the deeds you do.

Kindness does not cost you dearly,  
Do not hoard it all.  
Spread it all around about you,  
Give no cause for man to doubt you,  
Heed not evil minds who flout you;  
Lift up those who fall.

And you make of life a blessing,  
Cheering all you greet;  
You will be of use to others,  
Man to man as friends and brothers;  
Not with enmity that smothers,  
Blest by all you meet.

— Lee Fay.

### THE EDUCATIONAL REVIVAL

PROF. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

TO one who has been touched by the breath of the new educational spirit, it is a joy to be alive. The superb idealism, the strenuous energy, the broad scholarship, and the confident optimism of the educational movement of today, are as inspiring as they are contagious. They are the outcome of the most powerful forces which have been at work since history began. It has been given to our own century and, in large part, to our own generation, to bring these all together in a new synthesis, full of hope and promise for the years which are to come. Everywhere these forces are breaking down the artificial, man-made barriers between educational agencies and between the several stages of man's development; and everywhere the lesser aims are being gathered up into the one great purpose to fit man, a spiritual being, for the full, rich life which is at once his inheritance and his opportunity. The old party cries sound very hollow today. Further struggle between letters and the sciences is impossible at a time when the wise man sees that the victory of either over the other would mean the destruction of both. The practical aims of education are stated more broadly than was once the case, and usefulness is given a high interpretation as well as a lower one. The barren intellectualistic ideal of the older schools has been displaced by one in which action, guided by knowledge and shot through with feeling, is the end.

All this is reflected in educational practice of every kind. It is seen first in the kindergarten—the stumbling-block of the skeptical and the laughing-stock of the cynical. The kindergarten, in the hands of those who have mastered its spirit and its purpose and who are not simply mastered by its methods, is the most powerful single educational agency yet devised. In America, where the kindergarten is most thoroughly studied and most wisely conducted, it has brought life and light to tens of thousands of children who, without it, would have grown through their tenderest years in neglect, or would have been turned over, helpless and appalled, to the old-fashioned formalism of the elementary school. Moreover, the kindergarten and the principles upon which it is based are making over elementary school instruction. During the first three or four years

the work of the elementary school is well done, and better done each year. The teachers are students both of child nature and of education itself. One unfamiliar with what has happened since the disappearance of the three R's as the sole material for school work, would be amazed at the teaching, both as to its form and as to its content, which may be seen in almost any modern elementary school which is properly supervised. The children are human beings, not parrots; they see their little world as it is, full of form, of color and of life; they talk and write about concrete realities, not abstractions; they use their senses; and they express their childish thoughts in a thousand ways that are related to the art and the industry of the race. In this transformation nothing has been lost and much has been gained. Superintendent Powell, of Washington, D. C., speaking of the schools which he had made famous, truly said: "The way to teach the three R's thoroughly is by the new education."

The weak point in the work of elementary education in the United States is to be found in the upper, or grammar, grades. There is to be seen the original source of that waste in our education of which we so often complain. Too often the school keeps the boy or the girl of from ten to fourteen years of age at work upon material which is beneath their capacity, and in large measure familiar. Under the false pretence of "thoroughness," the pupil is kept reviewing his studies instead of pushing on to new and untried fields. This is the time when a foreign language should be begun, the elements of plain geometry mastered, and more history and literature taught. To hold these back for the secondary school is not only inexcusable, but a most serious deprivation for those pupils whose systematic training must close with the elementary school. To remedy this evil is one of the most obvious of our present problems.

The secondary school is an increasing source of satisfaction. Its program of studies constantly grows broader, its methods of instruction better, and its influence more beneficial. The incubus of a college admission examination has hung upon it for years, and a narrow, prescribed program of studies has wasted its opportunity. Both difficulties are rapidly being removed. The difficult relation between secondary school and college is destined to be adjusted by co-operative effort, and the unhappy title of "college preparatory school" will disappear. Every substantial secondary school course will lead straight to some new opportunity in college or in a school of science or industry. The public high school, much the most popular and most effective type of secondary school, is multiplying at a rate which is truly marvelous, carrying with it a wider and more thorough study of Latin and Greek, of mathematics and the natural sciences, of history and literature, of the modern languages, and of the principles of modern art and industry. It is the most promising of American schools, and it is only natural that its interests and its problems should be engaging well-nigh universal attention among students of education.

The college is the last stronghold to yield to the new, life-giving spirit. It is wedded to its old ways or, sometimes, to worse ones "made in Germany." Despite the traditions of Wayland and of Barnard, and despite the epoch-making labors of Eliot, the colleges as a class are far below the elementary schools and the secondary schools in efficiency. They number in their ranks many sound scholars and not a few really inspiring teachers, but their work as a

whole is ragged and uneven. This is due in part, to the fact that the college teacher is without the critical and expert supervision which does so much for teachers in the lower schools. He is nearly always untrained in his profession, and he gains effectiveness by the slow stages of personal experience at a frightful cost to his pupils. He rarely sees other teaching than his own, and he lives a life which, professionally speaking, is isolated. He is too often intolerant of criticism and impatient of suggestion. Speaking in all seriousness, there is a difficulty here of the first magnitude. The college teachers are men of high character, marked conscientiousness and great devotion; their faults, as a class, are professional. They need to be drawn out of themselves, out of their own narrow lines of work, out of the traditions of their own institutions, and made to feel the reality and the vitality of the newer educational movement of which they ought to form a part. Therein lies the chief function of the college president of today. To him it is given to connect his college with the world at large, and to carry over to the college teachers and their class-rooms something of the broader outlook upon life and education which the outside world now has. It falls to him, more largely than to any one else, to interpret the college to the world and the world to the college. Under modern administrative conditions, the college president cannot often teach, but he should know good teaching, and no class-room should be wholly strange to him. It ought not to be too much to expect that in time he will become a professionally trained organizer and supervisor of college instruction. No amount of executive skill, no store of piety or of wisdom, can forever take the place of special knowledge of college problems and special skill in improving and developing college teaching.

The teacher of today is everywhere struggling to adjust himself to these new ideals. By travel, by professional study, and by association with his fellows, he is preparing himself to be a conscious participant in the work of education, and not a mere link in a mechanically-driven chain. Save in rare instances, he is insufficiently paid. It is not difficult for him to be overworked. Yet these are a part of the price one pays for the high privilege of upholding the ideals of culture and of character in a busy world full of the temptations of commercialism. Just because the teacher's lot is

### A UNIVERSAL FOOD

#### Following Nature's Footsteps

"I have a boy, two years old, weighing forty pounds and in perfect health who has been raised on Grape-Nuts and milk.

"This is an ideal food and evidently furnishes the elements necessary for a baby as well as for adults. We have used Grape-Nuts in large quantities and greatly to our advantage." F. W. Leavitt, Minneapolis, Minn.

One advantage about Grape-Nuts Food is that it is pre-digested in the process of manufacture; that is, the starch contained in the wheat and barley is transformed into grape sugar in exactly the same method as this process is carried out in the human body, that is by the use of moisture and long exposure to moderate warmth, which grows the diastase in the grains and makes the remarkable change from starch to grape sugar. Therefore, the most delicate stomach can handle Grape-Nuts and the food is quickly absorbed into the blood and tissue, certain parts of it going directly to building and nourishing the brain and nerve centres. Made at the pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.



now so difficult and so responsible, it is more attractive than ever before to men and women who care to win through working. The teaching profession today abounds in great opportunities. There is constant and growing demand for men and women of character, capacity and refinement to fill high and honorable posts. The demand just now exceeds the supply, and no competent person need hesitate an instant to choose teaching as a life-work through fear of lack of proper opportunities for advancement and distinction.

Modern education, too, has outgrown the school. The school is its special and most highly-organized agency, but the family, the church, and civil society itself all have their parts to play. In another place I have ventured to point out what tremendous educational responsibilities are placed upon the home and the church by the secularization of the school.\*

This is an aspect of education which ought to rouse the church to a new determination to probe the principles of modern teaching to their very bottom, and to see that systematic religious training is brought under their influence. The gap between the home and the school is being rapidly bridged, and in some especially favored communities the two instrumentalities are already in sympathetic co-operation.

A word may be added as to the literature of education. Its best representatives, books and periodicals filled with the new ideas and principles, ought to be familiar to all parents who really care for their children's future happiness and usefulness; who care, that is, not in a formal and perfunctory way, but in a way which will lead them to study and to understand what is best for their children and why it is best

\*"Religious Instruction and Its Relation to Education," in *Educational Review*, December, 1899.



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This exclusive flexible feature insures comfort, retention of shape, exceptional wear, and the snug, smooth adjustment indispensable to handsome gowning. Where the CRESCO is not kept by dealers it will be sent, postpaid, for **\$1.00**

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### SPIRIT LONELINESS

R. KELSO CARTER.

WHAT a terrible thing it is to feel alone! What advanced Christian has not had times when everything went wrong, and the soul seemed to be without a prop to lean on? In the midst of unusual trials, with broken health, financial difficulties perhaps, inability to carry out cherished plans for the Lord's work, and other calamities, all pressing down at the same time upon one poor, little, lonely soul, which felt as if it was left positively alone by God and man — what a time that was!

And then the temptation to think that something must be wrong with the experience, something must have led us a little astray, some blame or guilt must rest on us, something has been lost. Well, that may be true, and strict self-examination is not out of place. But I write of the time when all these attacks of the adversary came like Job's troubles, simply trooping one upon another, all marshaled by the same old Satan who afflicted the patriarch.

Did you ever stop to think that when God gave Satan leave to pitch into Job in such terrible fashion, it became necessary for the Lord to stand to one side, so to speak, and let the darts reach the mark? How in the world could a shaft of Satan strike any child of God, if the shining shield of His glory and the armor of His immediate presence were not lifted a little? God is not like a man, with a bodily shape and presence, standing at one side of his child. A man can only stand on one side at once, but God, being as He is, surrounds us on all sides and keeps us inside as well. So, if a dart of Satan is really to strike the mark, that shining Presence which protects every point equally must be slightly lifted. Lifted, not withdrawn. He is close at hand to extend succor if we stagger 'neath the blows, for "No man is able to pluck us out of His hand" altogether, and never will while we cry to God for help. Hence it is not "strange" that you should sometimes feel deserted. When the soul has become accustomed to walking with God it can be satisfied with nothing else than the positive contact, and the slightest inch of separation makes it feel chilly and lonely.

But, beloved, much of your "desertedness" is generally due to physical conditions. You feel badly because your nerves are oppressed. Do not start and say that this "makes it too material," and that yours is "a spiritual experience." Don't you know that at most this explanation is merely an unweaving of the particular dart used by Satan? He does not shoot much with imaginary weapons; he uses very material ones most of the time. How did he act in Job's case? Do you remember? The permission being given, he flew to the attack. Did he use vague, undefined, mysterious spiritual weapons? Not at all. He attacked with the sweep of the tornado, with the blinding flash of the lightning, and with the very material evil of thieves and murderers. And then, when these failed to move Job, and his second and more important permission was granted,

when God lifted His encampment a trifle above Job's head, and laid his body open to the adversary, how then did the fiend act? Did he use mystery in the spiritual realm? You know how it was. He attacked with material boils, with pain and weakness, with frantic irritation from head to foot. And then he threw in reinforcements in the shape of criticising friends and a contrary, discouraged wife, who was so tired of waiting on him that she suggested to him the propriety of becoming his widow as soon as possible.

Now what was the matter with Job? Was his experience wrong? Had he sinned specially? Had God really left him? These queries are answered at once by the facts. God had said the best He could say of any man concerning him, and was simply trying him to advance him further and to glorify Himself. But that did not make Job feel comfortable with his boils and other friends.

In the midst of troubles, and under great physical strains, I sounded the depths of "neurasthenia" for years. I used to say that "I felt as though God had gone off to the farthest star in the universe, taking everything with Him, and had tucked it all in and left me out in the cold." But fortunately scientific study made me acquainted with the nature of the temptation, and I said repeatedly to myself: "See here! You know this is simply your nerves; if your nerves improve you will feel better; don't let yourself forget that; you love God just as much as ever, and He loves you; God has not drawn off, for the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that love Him; you only need a little more of Elisha's eye-salve to actually see Him; meanwhile you can just rest in the fact that He is there." I knew it wasn't so, and it wasn't. A touch of the proper, real Christian science, the science of pure faith in God's precious Word, comes in at this point.

"Lonely!" How lonely was the Master in the Garden! And how utterly so when He cried, "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Was He truly forsaken in any other sense than the one we have described? If so, then you may be. But if not, then you can take courage and believe that the Father who lifted His shield from about His own Son for your sake, may do the same in

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your case, for your sake, and for Jesus' sake; but He never, never, never really leaves His loving child. May we never mistake the weapon used by the adversary for a spiritual fact, and never call the devil's lightning "the fire of God," as did the ignorant servants of Job. God's "hedge" may be raised high enough for serpents to crawl under, but it is ready to become a crown of glory in the flashing light of the throne if we only stand and say with the patriarch, "Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Baltimore, Md.

## METHODISM AND PATRIOTISM

REV. CHARLES A. CRANE, D. D.

[An address given at the First General Conference District Epworth League Convention at Lynn, Mass., Sunday afternoon, July 8, on the Communion.]

**M**ETHODISM being one of the latest and most aggressive forms of Christianity, it must abound in works of self-sacrifice. And this proposition is borne out by the history of the people called Methodists. They have ever been the disturbers of stagnant conservatism. They have always been unpopular with the sleepers at ease in Zion, and they have been hated by the lovers of form and the worshippers of "the god of things as they are." There is no American reform worth while which has not been heralded by their trumpets. All great reforms have been busy undoing old things, not making new. Hence, the reforms in which Methodism has been conspicuous have made it disagreeable to old dynasties, old political parties, and old established ecclesiastical machines. Being guilty of belief and action, Methodists have become the tormentors of doubters and the languid. Early they were a fire in the bones and bosom of this republic. Hot with their hatred of sin, they made things warm wherever they went. In the middle West—Ohio, Indiana and Illinois—the fervor of their devotion made vigilance committees look mild, and the fire of their zeal tamed and changed the horse-racers and gamblers who had attempted to pre-empt that garden spot of the world. Their pulpits flamed with the oratory and exhortations of men set on fire of the Holy Ghost. To many of them it could have been as appropriately said as it was to another: "Go put your foot in the river and hear it hiss." Before Theodore Parker preached his gospel of liberty to the slave, the Methodist preachers of the North were declaring slavery a sin. In 1844 our church divided on the question of slavery, and yet Wendell Phillips had the amazing audacity

to say that the preachers were almost useless in the abolition agitation. With no desire to pluck any laurel from the brows of Parker or Phillips, I do not hesitate to say that the multitude of Methodist preachers who everywhere in the North were teaching the abominableness of human slavery were no mean factors in the redemption of our land from that great curse. Lincoln said that these same men had done more to save the Union than any other like class.

With such forefathers I am not surprised to find that even now some Methodist preachers cry aloud and spare not even the idols of antiquated political parties. It was only the expected when, in 1888, I heard this Church, through her Bishops, say that the liquor traffic cannot be licensed without sin. That's a wholesome doctrine and full of comfort to the Methodist who believes it; and it is worth fighting for. It is a dictum big enough for all Christians to rally around. It represents a political question involving more of money and morals than any other question before us today or ever. Slavery in its palmy days never represented the money and the misery now tied up in the whiskey business. I hold up my head with pride when I hear our leaders speak thus boldly concerning the curse of licensing vice. But I may find that these leaders, the Bishops, have been extravagant—they may have been "intoxicated with the exuberance of their own utterance"—so it may be well to wait till 1892 to hear what the great representative body of the church, the General Conference, will say on the subject. This body meets and thrills the people with the deliberate declaration that "No political party has a right to expect nor should it receive the support of Christian men so long as it stands committed to the license policy or refuses to put itself on record in an attitude of open hostility to the saloon." Things are getting interesting and the times are waxing warm. In 1900—eight years later—the General Conference reaffirms this remarkable political statement.

Now put this twice-repeated utterance alongside the facts, and see what happens. You dare not think the General Conference is joking—that grave body never jokes. A delegate tried to joke it on the amusement question last May, and he fell into the pit he had dug. You are sure that the Conference meant what it said on the woman question, on episcopal residences, and when it declared D. H. Moore and J. W. Hamilton elected Bishops. Can you contrive a plan which will show that it was not equally in earnest and equally honest when it made this declaration concerning political parties which Christians should avoid? The General Conference meant what it said, or it is one of the most colossal frauds disfiguring the face of history.

Well, what of it? Much, every way: Unless I consent to have Attorney General Griggs construe this language of the Conference, it means—if it means anything—that the two great dominant political parties should not receive the votes of Christian men. For all men know that these great parties are shaped and operated so as to perpetuate the licensing of the liquor traffic. Both these parties are committed to the license system. Our church says that system is sinful, and that political parties supporting it should be avoided by Christian men. Brethren, let us be clear, even if we must leave our church or party to be so. Is it not clear that our church and the dominant parties are diametrically opposed to each other on this question of license? Would we not better face this fact? My duty is clear. If my highest duty is to my church, I cannot support a party which is fighting my church, especially on so great a matter as the saloon business.

Now this proposition seems so clear that it needs no discussion. And it is just as clear as it seems. But this clearness helps very little to settle the case of the average Methodist preacher. For I am assured by high authority that if a preacher attack one of these dominant parties, his prospects will be seriously injured. This same authority says that many of the leading members of the church—clergy and laity—will not quietly permit a Methodist preacher to publicly discuss or attack the record or the character of the leader of one of these parties. The situation, then, seems to be this: Bishops, editors, secretaries, presiding elders and leading ministers and laymen meet in General Conference and say to the world, "No political party should receive the support of Christian men so long as it stands committed to the license policy;" but when some earnest preacher takes to proclaiming this sound and wholesome doctrine, he is warned often and significantly that he is closing up the way to future usefulness—that he is injuring the very cause he loves. Behold, I show you no mystery, for these things are not done in a corner. Now what shall a preacher do? If he is abroad in the land for what he can get, I advise him to pipe softly. If he is a place-hunter, an office-seeker, a nest-maker, let me tell him to preach about the Jews and to confine himself to Greek roots or briar roots. But if he is called to preach the Gospel and can be intimidated or even cooled by any such genteel and perfidious persecution, let him lie in the bed he makes. It is something of a penalty to be dead. I see no virtue in not feeling a spike driven into the back of my



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neck. And I here and now most solemnly protest against my church declaring in her legislature and in her supreme court that "No political party has a right to the support of Christian men so long as it stands committed to the license system," and then permitting and encouraging her members to persecute and assail brother members who take seriously her deliverances and strive to live up to them. This language of the General Conference is the language of the highest and holiest purpose in the political struggles of the day, or it is the quintessence of hypocrisy. Notice how our enemy regards us. Not long ago, John Koeber, president of the Liquor Dealers' Association, said in a public statement to the press: "If the Evangelical Alliance were sincere, they would practice what they preach. They preach, 'Down with the saloon,' and fail to vote the ticket which is pledged to do away with the saloons; this is hypocrisy. Practice what you preach, and be a man." Mr. Koeber may be forgiven for such language; but I could hardly hope to be.

You young people ought to know that a sort of black-listing obtains in parts of our church whereby a preacher who too boldly preaches that "No political party should be supported by Christians when it refuses to openly oppose the saloon" — the very doctrine the General Conference proclaims — is shut out of many of our larger and stronger churches. The same tyranny of partisan politics has also invaded our colleges and tainted our educational system with its poison. The same foul hand of persecution that it puts upon the preacher it puts upon many of the professors in our higher institutions of learning. Note the cases of Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews of Brown, and later of the Chicago public schools; of Prof. Bemis of Chicago University; of John R. Commons in his relations to both the University of Indiana and Syracuse University; and the wholesale recent dismissal of the president of the Kansas State Agricultural College, Prof. Thos. E. Will, and Professors Bemis, Frank Parsons and Duren J. H. Ward. Investigate the Methodist case of President Rogers who has lately resigned from Northwestern University.

If your preachers and teachers are to be controlled by your partisan politics, if such politics can even make them afraid, we would better at once abandon the republic and form a government by, for and of political parties consecrated to the proposition: "The political boss shall rule in church and school as well as in city, state and nation." But Methodism and patriotism alike cry out against such an abomination. Both alike demand that men shall hold themselves always superior to our modern tyrant, the political boss. As the glory of Seneca was dimmed by his permitting the principle of expedience to supersede the laws of virtue, so "policy" sometimes puts honesty to rout. There is a story of those times when murder was most common which tells us of one who, being asked how he managed to attain so rare a gift as old age in a palace, replied, "By submitting to injuries and being thankful for them." When I remember how politics has derided the theories and insulted the membership of our church, how it has repealed some of the Ten Commandments in some of the States, how it has defied God and established iniquity by law, all the while complacently patting us on the back, demanding our suffrage, and getting it even while we are declaring that it cannot be given to such evil things — when I think upon these things I ask my church: "How do you thrive so well in the face of such powerful political parties which are committed to your overthrow, despising your doctrines and membership alike?" And I doubt not

that the answer might be truthfully given in the words of the ancient sycophant: "By submitting to insults and injuries and returning thanks for them."

### SUNDAY-SCHOOL RALLY DAY

REV. T. B. NEELY, D. D.

Secretary Sunday School Union.

IT is wise for us to recognize a very general and what seems a growing and well-established custom for Sunday-schools to have what they call a rally day after the scholars, teachers and officers have returned from their summer outing, for this may be utilized for some practical good.

Some do not admire the title Rally Day and wish for a better name. Perhaps Reunion Day would be more significant, and yet there is some point in the idea of rallying like soldiers for a new onset. At this season the members of the school reunite and come to the front for another determined charge, so it might be called the Sunday-school Rally Day. That will do for the time being, and after awhile, if a better title presents itself, it may be considered.

In some places the rally takes place on a Sunday towards the close of September or early in October, but in the large cities many do not return until in the month of October. At least it can hardly be said that all the people are back until that time, and September is practically a summer month, and, in very many places, entirely too warm to have an energetic and stimulating rally.

September, therefore, is a little too early, and, as the first Sunday of the month is usually Communion Sunday, it would seem that the earliest day when there would be a general and satisfactory response would be the second Sunday of October. We may be permitted, therefore, to suggest that the second Sunday of October be Sunday-school Rally Day, or Reunion Day, when the returned and reunited officers, teachers, and scholars in each of our Sunday-schools shall celebrate their return and the resumption of Sunday-school activity, and have a rally for the campaign of the cooler months.

Before the officers and teachers get away from their home churches they should remember and in some degree plan for this reunion. Let them make ready for the home-coming after the vacation, and for the rally in response to the call for renewed

activity. Let it be not merely a children's day, but Sunday-school day for the middle-aged and the old, or, in other words, for all who are in the school and for all who are interested in the school.

Then give it a practical direction by contributions in aid of needy Sunday-schools. The law enacted by the recent General Conference calls for collections from every Sunday-school for the work of the Sunday School Union. The Union needs the money, and it will be a very practical thing, and, we believe, a very practicable thing, for each school on Rally Day to take a liberal collection for our Sunday School Union.

New York City.

### Don't Strive for Sleep.

LET any readers, when next they pass a sleepless night, notice carefully what happens. It will probably be somewhat as follows: Suppose, for instance, that they are in the habit of being called at 7.30; they will hear the clock strike four, five, six and seven, and then, when the knock at the door comes, they will either be fast asleep or else they will drop asleep immediately afterward, and in either case possibly they will, to their intense disgust, oversleep themselves. What is the explanation of this? Simply that by far the commonest cause of prolonged sleeplessness is the worrying about it, the anxious effort to obtain sleep. And so they lie awake, hour after hour, wearily striving for it, until at last, when seven strikes, the effort is given up as useless; at once, the strain being taken off, the worn-out brain takes its rest — the sleep which has been so long looked for comes at last. A great physician has truly said: "The body will always rest if the mind will let it."

Some years ago, when the house physician at a London hospital, I used to experiment on this subject. On my midnight rounds I would frequently receive complaints of sleeplessness from weary patients, often when there was no pain or other definite reason for it. I would say to them: "Oh, it doesn't really matter, you are resting all right; it won't do you any harm; just lie awake and think how comfortable you are here." Or to the weaker natures I would say: "Nurse shall bring you a poultice," or, "I will send you something when I have finished my rounds." Almost invariably on my return, in twenty minutes' time, they would be sleeping peacefully: no further remedy was needed.

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some simple sleeping draught is sent and never taken—never needed. The mere fact of knowing it is there is sufficient; the anxious dread of another sleepless night has been taken away, the mind is at rest, and sleep comes in the natural way. And so it would seem that by far the commonest cause of sleeplessness is the anxious striving to obtain sleep. It follows, therefore, that all such devices for procuring it, as counting an imaginary flock of sheep, fixing the attention on the circulation, making an effort to stop thought, are wrong theoretically, as well as being usually worse than useless in practice. What, then, is the real remedy? Why, simply to give up the attempt to sleep if one's sleep does not come as usual. Give up trying. If a sleepless night is to be one's lot, one must accept it as philosophically as one can, remembering that many and many a man has had to lose a night's rest before, and has been little, if any, worse for it. To the sleepless one I would say: "Make up your mind to stay awake for the night." Nine times out of ten the blessing, sought for in vain, will come unsought, and that almost immediately, so that on looking back the next morning the last thing you remember will be your determination to lie awake.

Directly you cease to strive for sleep, to wish ardently for it, the strain will be taken off the brain, the body will rest because the

mind is no longer preventing it, and sleep will be the happy result. And to make the requisite determination, or, I should say, renunciation, this thought may be a help to you. It is the anxiety for sleep and the worrying about its absence, far more than the sleeplessness itself, that cause the feeling of prostration which follows a sleepless night. The man whose duty or occupation has forced him to give up a night's rest is in a far better condition the next day than the man who has spent a restless night in the vain and weary search for sleep. — *London Spectator*.

### Political Prophesying

The promoters of the third ticket, with headquarters in Room 1008, 141 Broadway, New York, are convinced from the letters received in response to their appeal, which is practically for a new party, that disaffection with the two leading political parties is particularly strong in Massachusetts. The committee has received from this State "the names of at least 2,000 voters who authorize the use of their avowals of dissatisfaction with both tickets." This is rather an impressive fact, since it represents the volunteer action of men who write to free their minds, and in the hope of finding some way out other than by voting for either McKinley or Bryan. If there are 2,000 voters in this State willing to take this independent initiative by writing letters, must there not be other thousands as yet inarticulate? — *Springfield Republican*.

### The Temperance Vote

It is the opinion, or at least the declaration, of the Pennsylvania Prohibitionists, who had their State convention at Pittsburgh yesterday, that Mr. McKinley is dominated by the liquor trust, and that Mr. Bryan has shown himself again and again a friend of the liquor powers, and that therefore there is no choice between the two for advocates of prohibition. It is altogether logical for men who hold that there should be no compromise or half-way measure in dealing with the liquor question to refuse to accept anything, however good, so long as it is not so good as they desire; but men who look at the temperance question in a practical manner, and who believe that it is far better to secure a little than to get nothing at all, will see the wisdom of making a selection between the two presidential candidates who have some chance of an election, and of voting for the one whose party will do the most for temperance, instead of throwing away their votes simply as a matter of spite and disappointment.

While it would be but a waste of time to argue with men who contend that prohibition is the only remedy, and that all other forms of treatment, even if productive of distinctly beneficial results, are sinful as bringing those who make use of them into partnership with the saloon element, it is not difficult for the common-sense temperance reformer to differentiate the Republican from the Democratic position upon the drink evil, and to see that the friends of temperance must depend upon the former party for aid and comfort in the future, as they have always had to depend upon it in the past. The Prohibition Party makes itself but an auxiliary of the Democratic Party. The association presents a notable instance of the meeting of extremes. If the Prohibitionists as a class were to express their honest sentiments, they would probably own to a desire to see the Republican Party whipped and the Democratic Party triumphant. As a matter of fact, many thus declare themselves in public and many more in private.

Purely from a sociological point of view, and without regard to political considerations, the course which the friend of temperance ought to pursue is well defined. He knows well enough that a vote for Bryan will not help the Prohibition cause, and judging of the future by the past, he must be convinced that if moral legislation is to come from any source it is through the election of President McKinley and the continuation in power of the Republican Party. From the all-or-nothing zealots nothing can be expected so far as results go, and hence they are worse enemies to temperance reform than its confessed enemies. Encouraging them in any way is putting obstructions in its way instead

of helping the cause along. There should be no reason for the friends of temperance to hesitate as to which candidate they will vote for, and probably few practical, logical-minded friends of temperance will hesitate. — *Boston Transcript*.

### Causes of Expected Recruits

Accessions to the Prohibition Party are expected to come from anti-imperialists who oppose both McKinley and Bryan. In the rural districts, anti-imperialism is believed, at Prohibition headquarters, to be stronger than in the cities, and to be peculiarly strong among the temperance voters. In answer to the inquiry whether most of the expected accessions would come from the Republican Party, the chairman of the New York Prohibition Committee said that the Prohibition strength did not come from the Republicans in anything like so large a measure as is generally believed. In the Democratic counties of New Jersey, for example, where three-quarters of the substantial farmers are Democrats, three-quarters of the Prohibitionists are former Democrats, while in the Republican counties, where nearly all of this independent middle class is Republican, the Prohibitionists nearly all have Republican antecedents. Nevertheless, in the pivotal States this year, it is expected that most of the Prohibition gains will be at the expense of the Republicans, just as most of the Socialist gains will be at the expense of the Democrats. How much credence is to be attached to these expectations it is yet too early in the campaign to judge. Undoubtedly there is a considerable independent vote which is dissatisfied with both parties. Both parties, if they are wise, will endeavor to get this vote. If the election promises to be close, it will be divided between the two, on the principle of choosing the least of two evils, by voters who regard both parties as evils. If it appears likely that the election will go largely in one way, these dissatisfied independents will cast their votes for some third party, by way of protest against the other two. We are disinclined to prophesy, but our present impression is that as the campaign proceeds other issues will overshadow those of the lesser parties, and that both Prohibitionists and Socialists will be disappointed by the smallness of their ultimate vote. — *The Outlook*.

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## THE CONFERENCES

### MAINE CONFERENCE

#### Lewiston District

*Baldwin and Hiram.*—A quarterly conference on Saturday afternoon, a lecture Saturday evening, three sermons, the sacrament of the Supper, with a ride of nearly twenty miles, on the Sabbath, made a full service. The pastor, Rev. David Nelson, is accustomed to three sermons on the Sabbath. He and his wife are liked very much. All the interests of the church are carefully looked after. The spiritual tone of the church is rising. There is every prospect of a good work on this large field this year.

A. S. L.

#### Portland District

*West Kennebunk.*—The Epworth League has recently purchased an Epworth organ for the church, and all are much pleased with it. The Sunday-school is prosperous. The finances of the church are in good condition under a trial of the weekly-offering system.

*Kennebunkport and Cape Porpoise.*—Rev. I. A. Bean finds a hearty welcome from the people as he goes among them. Congregations at the Cape are large, the summer visitors helping by their presence and gifts. Two have made a start in the Christian life at "the Port. The Epworth League has a small working membership and sustains a weekly devotional meeting. They have also purchased new song books for the vestry.

*Kennebunk and Saco Road.*—There is much to encourage the pastor at the village church. Since Conference 2 have been received by letter and 4 from probation. The Sunday-school increases steadily in numbers and interest. Congregations average larger than one year ago. The church here is anxious to have the whole of the pastor's time, and is willing to pay the entire claim.

E. O. T.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

#### Manchester District

*Contoocook and Webster.*—July 22 was certainly a red-letter day in these two churches. Rev. John Hooper preached at Contoocook in the morning, and 9 were baptized and received into the church from probation. In the afternoon at Webster 2 were baptized and 4 received into full connection. Quarterly conference reports show a good condition as to finances and good congregations. Rev. J. G. Cairns is pastor.

*Pittsborough Depot.*—At this church a larger attendance is reported than at any previous time during the present pastorate. Everything seems to flourish, and Pastor Guy Roberts' heart is cheerful. Some improvements have been made on the property in the way of new shingles, and a committee has been appointed to see about painting the outside of the church. The pastor's claim is \$8 over-paid. The Ladies' Society had a sale, Aug. 3, and cleared over \$48. May the good work go on!

*West Rindge.*—Rev. D. J. Smith takes no vacation, but stays by the work. He is in unusually good health and is cheerfully at work. The Epworth League has recently been re-

vived, and the meetings are promising. Harmony prevails.

*Peterboro.*—Rev. H. B. Copp is one of our youngest men for his years. He takes up outside work for the afternoon on Sunday, and never seems to think of vacation. Many good things are said about this pastor. Everything is going well.

#### Concord District

*Stark.*—Romanism and Methodism are not supposed to be very closely connected, or the one to have much affiliation with the other; but there is a new order of things in the village of Percy, that is in the town of Stark. There is a small Catholic church. When it was building the priest made the statement that if we (the Methodists) wanted to hold service in it at any time, we could. We thought of it as only talk, but a few weeks ago, when Rev. H. E. Allen was going to preach in the school-house in that place, they asked him to occupy the church. He readily accepted the invitation. They placed a table for him just outside the altar, and with a full array of Romish paraphernalia behind him, he preached the Gospel from the standpoint of a Methodist. He was invited to come again in two weeks. We wonder if any one else has had such a place in which to preach the Word.

*South Columbia.*—By the miles traveled this second quarter—more than eleven hundred—it will be seen that Rev. A. H. Drury is not idle. He has good congregations, and there is a good general interest. The pastor is off for a two weeks' vacation.

*East Columbia.*—A week-day afternoon in August was not a good time to get a quarterly conference together. Everybody was busy with haying. While the southern part of the State has had very little rain, this northern portion has been abundantly supplied. The hay crop is heavy, and all vegetation is having a luxurious growth. What the southern part fails to produce, the northern can furnish.

*East Colebrook.*—This place, in connection with East Columbia, will make an earnest effort this year to pay off every dollar of the parsonage debt. No doubt it will be done, and the people will be delighted. The pastor, Rev. N. L. Porter, is very earnest in the matter.

*Pittsburg.*—Like distances in the West, the geography of this charge has a wide expanse. To visit all the people as a faithful pastor desires and as the people would like, would take all the time of every seven days. Rev. William Magwood is busily at it. The people enjoy his ministrations. They are doing well in the matter of support. The receipts are almost double what they were one year ago. They are now talking of repairs on the church property. The pastor is to move into better quarters, much nearer the church, very soon. Rev. G. W. Farmer and family spent their vacation here, as usual, with Mrs. Farmer's parents. Mr. Farmer preached once, and was very helpful to the pastor in the

social meetings. Rev. E. C. Langford also spent a Sabbath here. He preached in the evening, and the pastor took the collection for the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society.

*Woodsville.*—The society here, especially by the work of the ladies, has just completed a splendid bath-room, with hot and cold water. They are anxious that their parsonage shall be second to none.

*Stewartstown.*—This is the afternoon preaching place for Rev. W. F. Ineson. A good congregation gathers each Sunday to hear the Word. They enjoy the preacher very much, and have much to say in his favor. They are not so prompt to realize the financial obligations. We have seen charges where it never seemed to occur to the people that the preacher needed money until the last month or so of the year; he had to live by faith the other eleven months.

B.

### N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

#### Norwich District

*Putnam.*—On the first Sunday in August, 2 persons were received on probation. A "Brotherhood of St. Paul" recently organized starts out with a membership of fifteen young men, and gives much promise of usefulness. They hold their prayer-meeting on Sunday morning before the preaching service, and it has proved a season of spiritual power and blessing. The new church is going up under the wise and untiring management of the heroic pastor, Rev. Jacobs Betts. A collection from every church on the district for this enterprise, to be credited on the Twentieth Century Thank-Offering, would be a great blessing to the givers and to the receivers. Try it.

*Noank.*—The pastor, Rev. John McVay, has recently received 5 persons into full membership from probation, and 1 by letter.

*Mystic.*—Good congregations wait on the ministry of Rev. John McVay. The finances are in excellent condition; the first day of August saw every bill paid to date and a balance in the treasury.

*Sterling.*—After weeks and months of labor and sacrifice in getting the new parsonage, the faithful pastor, Rev. J. Harding Baker, is enjoying a much-needed rest at his summer cottage on the Willimantic Camp-ground.

*Westerly.*—Five probationers were received into full membership the last Sunday in August. The parsonage has been re-shingled, and city water is soon to be introduced into the church.

*Epworth League.*—The district Epworth League president, Rev. A. E. Legg, is abundant in labor. After much hard work he has secured Student Campaigner R. S. Cushman, a Wesleyan University junior, to give two weeks of serv-



## Curved and Carved

Let us take you a button-hole lower while we speak of this chiffonniere, for it ought to interest you.

It is an attempt to make a really artistic thing at a price which any one can afford. The wood is Red Oak. It is handsomely paneled and carved. The upper tier has a swell front. There is a 2-foot glass.

The interior arrangement provides 2 toilet drawers, a bonnet closet (which may be a medicine chest if preferred), 3 deep wardrobe drawers, and a broad top, with adjustable head mirror. Each drawer has a separate lock. Pierced brass trimmings.

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ice among the Leagues of the district early in September. SCRIPTUM.

#### Brockton and Vicinity

**Brockton, Central.**—The Hon. J. Wilder Fairbanks, of Boston, on Sunday evening, July 29, gave an intensely interesting stereopticon lecture on "The Ride that Saved an Empire; or, Where Rolls the Oregon." The lecture portrayed the effort of Dr. Marcus Whitman, in the winter of 1842, when he rode four thousand miles across the country on horseback, through perils and hardships, reaching Washington just in time to prevent President Tyler and Secretary Daniel Webster from signing away the Oregon country to Great Britain.

Dr. Kaufman and family are spending their vacation at Chautauqua. On Sunday, Aug. 12, Dr. Kaufman preached at Cottage City.

The erection of the new church building is claiming the attention and arousing the enthusiasm of the people just now. The pastor, on Aug. 5, took for his subject, "Love for the Church." During the sermon he graphically described the contemplated church building. The outer walls will be of brick mottled in appearance, light and dark, the light predominating. Near the front rises the bell tower, about ninety feet high. The steps and window-sills will be Indiana limestone. The auditorium will be the most attractive part of the edifice. Pulpit, organ and choir face the south; pews will be arranged in a partially semi-circular form, and galleries on three sides. In the centre of the ceiling there will be a large dome, around which will be placed sixty electric lights, that brilliantly illuminate the entire room. It will be a superb structure. A more complete description will be given later. The contract has been awarded to A. P. Poole, and provides that the building shall be roofed by Dec. 15, and completed by June 1, 1901. The cost will be from \$60,000 to \$65,000, exclusive of organ and furnishings. Work on the building will begin at once. The building committee is composed of Charles A. Eaton, W. J. Loheed, N. S. Holmes, A. H. Makie and E. T. Sampson.

**Brockton, Pearl Street.**—Miss Anna W. Doten, nineteen years of age, a beautiful-spirited young woman, greatly interested in church work, died at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Doten, 216 North Pearl Street, July 27.

**East Bridgewater.**—On Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 8, the funeral services of the late Mrs. Emma Grow, of Fall River, were held at the church. Rev. John Pearce and Rev. M. B. Wilson, of Little Compton, R. I., officiated. Floral offerings were profuse and beautiful. G. E. B.

#### NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

##### Boston District

**Tremont St., Boston.**—Large congregations have been present during the hot weather. The pastor, Rev. C. E. Davis, preached on the resurrection three Sundays in July.

**Worcester, Trinity.**—Repairs are in progress, thus acquiring an embellished air for the proper

reception of Home Missionary people who will convene here in October next. Pastor King is enjoying a merited respite. The harder one works the greater need there is for rest, and there is no harder ministerial laborer than Dr. King.

**Laurel St.**—Rev. H. H. Paine and family have gone to Ashland, Mrs. Paine's old home, for a vacation. Possibly Mr. Paine may make sundry excursions from Ashland during his two weeks of absence. The first quarterly conference of the year, held last week, revealed a very satisfactory condition of affairs.

**Coral St.**—Pastor George E. Sanderson is vacationing at Northfield and getting in shape for another campaign on old Union Hill. A recent League lawn party helped toward paying the church debt.

**Grace.**—Treasurer Charles E. Squire, with family, is gaining a week or two of rest at Winthrop Beach. Fifteen years ago one of the notable figures in this church was "Mother" Kelley, as everybody called her. From the beginning of the organization she had been prominent and, above all things, she delighted in the camp-meeting at Sterling. When the infirmities of years came upon her, and a Congregational chapel was built near her home in the lower part of the city, she left Grace, but ever kept up her camp-meeting fervor. There, as the senior member, she was allowed to choose her own seat, and her choice was always respected. For forty-five years she was there. Now she has gone to her reward, having passed away, Aug. 5, at the age of 88 years. She was English born.

**Personal.**—"Bishop" Alonzo Sanderson says he is too busy for resting. Like Arnaut, the French philosopher, doubtless he expects all eternity to rest in. Just now, in addition to looking after the direct interests of three churches, he is running a series of tent meetings in Bloomingdale. QUIS.

##### Lynn District

**St. Luke's, Lynn.**—Rev. J. W. Morris, Ph. D., the pastor, is engaged in a series of tent meetings near the church. Large congregations have attended from the first. Nearly a score have been converted up to date, and the interest is increasing. Rev. J. E. Fischer, of Wickford, R. I., has spent nearly two weeks assisting in the meetings. Mr. Fischer is a strong preacher, a good singer, and a wise soul-winner. The meetings have been in progress three weeks, and will continue at least one more.

#### VERMONT CONFERENCE

##### St. Albans District

**Grand Isle County.**—Dr. A. L. Cooper, our Conference evangelist, has arranged to spend the month of September in this county. This is a good time for such services. The haying will be over, and the other heavy harvesting will not be in order until October. The islands of the northern Lake Champlain, with the surrounding region, constitute a natural paradise. A new railroad is being built from Burlington north through the whole length of the county. This road will provide an outlet for the abundant crops, and an inlet for new inhabitants. This whole Champlain valley will at no distant day be thickly populated. It ought to be intensely Christian now and henceforth.

**Cambridge.**—The pastor, Rev. G. M. Burdick, has had a needed vacation. He reports 2 admitted to full membership, July 8, and 4, Aug. 5. Cambridge has recently held two temperance meetings. Temperance work is Christian work, and if the churches do not see to it, very little will be done.

**Moretown and Duxbury.**—Our pastor here, Rev. D. C. Thatcher, is not a strong man physically, but is full of faith and courage. He reports 7 baptisms (3 of them children), 6 received on probation, 2 into full membership, and a hopeful outlook.

**Enosburg Falls.**—Rev. L. O. Sherburne, the pastor, is taking hold of the benevolences early in the Conference year, and is meeting with success. A committee on church repairs, with power, has been appointed. Modern conveniences and more Sunday-school room are to be secured.

**West Berkshire and South Franklin.**—The pastor, Rev. W. P. Stanley, reports 17 received into full membership and 14 conversions. He has organized work among the children in each

part of his charge. This is blessed work, and should be attempted on every charge. Our Sunday-school should be evangelistic. Superintendents and teachers must remember that their work is scarcely begun until the children are converted to Christ. To baptize or to educate them into the church will never do; they must submit their wills to God, and accept Christ as a personal Saviour. They will do this if pastors, parents, and teachers are wise and faithful.

**Waitsfield.**—The new pastor, Rev. J. E. Badger, and his wife are taking hold of the work courageously and with good prospect of success. Sowing and reaping are as vitally connected in the spiritual field as in the natural, and "he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto eternal life."

**West Enosburg.**—This charge has been making permanent improvements upon the church property. The pastor, Rev. G. W. Burke, reports one conversion and 9 received into full membership.

**Preachers' Meeting.**—It was held at Stowe, July 10 and 11. The theme, Tuesday evening, was "Revivals." Addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. Nutter, Willman, Thatcher, and others. The Bible study, Epistle of James, was, as usual, interesting and profitable. Wednesday afternoon was devoted to essays and sermon studies. In the evening Rev. W. S. Smithers gave an address upon the "Results of the General Conference," and Rev. J. E. Badger upon "Consecrated Personality." The people attended the services in unusual numbers. The ladies of the church served dinner and supper in the vestry and made the occasion one of social and Chris-

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tian joy. The next meeting will be at Georgia in October.

**Golden Wedding.**—Rev. W. D. Malcom and his wife have returned to St. Albans. They have been married fifty years. A large party of their friends gathered at their residence, July 20, to offer their congratulations. There were song, prayer and refreshments. Letters were read from old-time friends. Rev. W. S. Smithers, in a brief and happy address, presented a golden offering from the St. Albans church as a memorial of their respect and Christian love.

**Translated.**—Rev. William R. Puffer, a long-time member of the Vermont Conference, died at his home in Richford, Sunday morning, July 29. The funeral was held at the Methodist church, July 31, Presiding Elder Nutter officiating. Rev. Messrs. Smith, Wallace and Sherburne made appropriate addresses. He was a good man. He died in the town where he was born and where he was beloved. "Devout men," his brothers in the ministry, carried him to his grave, but they did not make "great lamentation." There was no occasion. The rainbow of Christian victory and immortal hope spans this grave. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." C. S. N.

#### Montpelier District

**Bethel Gilead.**—Evangelistic meetings are being held at this place under the leadership of "Chalk Talk" Walker, of Whitefield, N. H. This is the first of a series of meetings which he is to hold in different parts of the district. Will the brethren generally pray for the success of these meetings? Evangelist Johnson will also begin work the last of next month.

**Bradford.**—Mrs. A. H. Webb is spending a fortnight with Miss Rachel Jefferson in the interests of the Woman's Home Missionary Society within the bounds of the Conference. Miss Jefferson is a pleasing speaker, and does efficient work for the cause. Upon the authority of a high official of the W. H. M. S. outside the State, it has been repeatedly stated that Miss Jefferson was a great-granddaughter of President Thomas Jefferson. This is a mistake, but she is just as efficient as a speaker and worker as if she chanced to be a lineal descendant of the illustrious author of the Declaration of Independence.

**Brownsville.**—A Woman's Home Missionary Society has been formed at this place, with a goodly number of charter members; also a Queen Esther Circle of young ladies, twelve in number, was formed, so that the future of the Home Missionary Society for this place seems to be well assured.

**Growing Collections.**—Returns have been given from the Children's Day collection in thirty-five charges, and the summary shows an increase of more than \$85 over the amounts paid by the same charges last year. In fifteen places the cause of Southern Education has been presented and the aggregate of cash and pledges is \$180 against less than fifty dollars reported in the Minutes as being paid by the same places last year. This is as it should be, and a large increase in almost every charge can be made for the collections if the work is done with patience, persistence, enthusiasm, and high purpose.

**Lengthening Church Rolls.**—The fact that Montpelier District has made a net gain of 441 members and probationers during the last two years, and that upwards of seventy probationers have been received since Conference (thus making a gain of over 500), is an encouraging indication. But there are multitudes still unreached. In ten charges there were no net gains at all during that time, and in all of the thirty-four which did show net gains, large harvests wait the reaping. RETLAW.

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#### East Greenwich Academy

East Greenwich has most excellent prospects for another year. One of the shore towns of Rhode Island will send ten students. Cape Cod is sending a large contingent. Fall River, with one of the best high schools in New England, will send a half-dozen or more. The preachers are taking hold of the canvass for students with excellent success. All the accommodations will be crowded. Bishop Mallallen, who is at work clearing off the debts, received last week a check for \$250 from a good brother in the West, and week before last another check for \$1,000 from another good brother far away in the South. Both of these men are natives of Cape Cod. East Greenwich promises to become one of our best schools in New England.

#### East Maine Conference Seminary, Bucksport, Maine

In the seminary building the carpenter and painter have much improved the chapel and several of the recitation rooms and made them very pleasant. In the boarding house many of the rooms have been repaired, woodwork repainted, walls and ceiling tinted, and refurnished with new and attractive furniture; and in the ladies' department quite a number of rooms have been greatly improved and newly carpeted.

Steward Sippelle anticipates the needs of the students, and is doing all he can for their happiness and to give them an inviting home. He is expecting a large number of students at the fall term, which will commence on Tuesday, Sept. 4. Let every minister and every member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with the friends of education within the bounds of the East Maine Conference, remember this institution, and send their young people to it, and thus increase education in and honor Eastern Maine. G. G. W.

One dose a day of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine will cure indigestion and constipation perfectly and permanently. The Vernal Remedy Company of Buffalo, N. Y., will send a trial bottle FREE AND PREPAID to any reader of ZION'S HERALD.

#### To Our Subscribers

The Boston Clearing House Association has made a new Collection Schedule, which went into effect July 1. On account of this it will be necessary for those who send us checks in payment of their subscriptions to send ten cents additional or obtain a draft on Boston, Providence, New York or Philadelphia. We cannot accept checks on which there is a charge for collection unless the cost of collection is included.

#### CHURCH REGISTER

##### HERALD CALENDAR

Littleton Camp-meeting,	Aug. 11-20
Weirs Camp-meeting,	Aug. 13-18
Allen Camp-meeting, Strong, Me.,	Aug. 15-19
East Livermore Camp-meeting,	Aug. 13-20
Winnepesaukee Camp-meeting, Weirs, N. H.,	Aug. 13-18
Morrisville (Vt.) Camp-meeting,	Aug. 13-20
Bunker Hill Camp-meeting, Maxfield, Me.,	Aug. 16-29
Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting,	Aug. 19-26
Claremont Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-25
East Poland Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
North Anson Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Willimantic Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Lyndonville (Vt.) Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Empire Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Sheldon (Vt.) Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Laurel Park, Northampton, Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Northport (Me.) Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Burlington Dist. Camp-meeting at Spring Grove, Vt.,	Aug. 23-30
Wilnot Camp-meeting,	Aug. 27-31
Hedding Camp-meeting,	Aug. 27-Sept. 1
Asbury Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 27-Sept. 3
STERLING CAMP-GROUND:	
Epworth League Assembly,	Aug. 23-26
Annual Camp-meeting,	Aug. 27-31
Swedish Camp-meeting,	Sept. 1-3
Groveton Camp-meeting,	Sept. 3-7
New Hampshire Conf. Ep. League Convention at Concord, N. H.,	Sept. 26, 27

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#### Marriages

**STILL — SHEPPARD** — In West Fitchburg, Aug. 7, by Rev. L. W. Adams, Roland Leroy Still, of Fitchburg, and Gertrude Augusta Sheppard, of West Fitchburg.

**WALKER — CORKINS** — In Fitchburg, Aug. 9, by Rev. L. W. Adams, Rev. Frederick Storer Walker, of Portland, Me., and Neva E. Corkins, of Jacksonville, Vt.

**W. F. M. S.** — Sunday, Aug. 26, will be Missionary Day at Hedding Camp-ground. The W. F. M. S. will have charge of the service in the morning. In the afternoon there will probably be a children's service. In the evening the meeting will be under the direction of the W. H. M. S. Rev. Edgar Blake will give the address.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and, therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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 Seventh—H. J. TALBOTT, Evansville, Ind.

Eighth—F. A. HARDIN, Chicago, Ill.  
 Ninth—JOHN STAFFORD, Red Wing, Minn.  
 Tenth—D. K. TINDALL, Grand Island, Neb.  
 Eleventh—C. B. TAYLOR, Bloomington, Ill.  
 Twelfth—O. E. OLANDER, Austin, Texas.  
 Thirteenth—CHRISTIAN GOLDSER, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Fourteenth—G. M. BOOTH, Moscow, Idaho.

Headquarters: 57 Washington Street, CHICAGO.

Chicago, Ill.—

Aug. 8th, 1900—

Dear Brothers &amp; Sisters:—

Do we need a revival? Think carefully. How many converts were added last year to the Church with our nearly 3,000,000 members? Has God been pleased or honored?

Think of the near friends, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, our Sunday School scholars, Epworth League associates and friends of the Church who are unsaved; have you said one word to them in regard to their personal salvation during the past year, or five years, indeed, have you ever mentioned the subject to them? Does this explain the record of the Church during the past three years?

Think again. If we need a revival where shall it begin? In our own hearts? And again, shall it begin now? If so, then let us

- 1st.—Deal honestly with ourselves before God.
- 2nd.—Realize if ever our friends are brought to Christ, we must bring them.
- 3rd.—Pray mightily for strength and courage.
- 4th.—Have faith. It is God's work. He will wonderfully bless us and answer prayer.
- 5th.—Remember that personal work must precede the revival.

Reader, think once more. Will you be among the first 100,000 who will respond to the call for personal workers, and volunteer for this army? If so, sign the following pledge and forward it to the undersigned at 57 Washington St., Chicago, Ill., who will enroll your name and send you literature.

I wish to be enrolled as one who will, by personal effort, seek to reach and bring to Christ, at least, ten persons before Dec. 31st, 1901.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

P.O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Conference \_\_\_\_\_ District \_\_\_\_\_

Sincerely yours,

W. W. Cooper, Cor. Sec.

J. M. Thoburn, Pres.

## FANNY CROSBY AT NORTHFIELD

"MR. MOODY was very fond of Fanny Crosby's hymn, 'Saved by Grace,'" says Mr. Sankey. "Let us sing it now as we did when he was here; as we did at Carnegie Hall, in New York, at the recent Ecumenical Conference, various parts of the audience singing the chorus alone." It is done as he suggests, and the beautiful face of the writer of the hymn, Fanny J. Crosby, sparkles with a new light as Mr. Sankey sings the verses

to the peculiarly fitting music, written by George C. Stebbins.

When this interesting woman, now fourscore and ten, was six weeks old, a trouble of the eyes demanded medical treatment. The remedies used failed to produce the desired result, and her sight was entirely destroyed. Her father died when she was about twelve years old. At the age of fifteen she entered the New York Institution for the Blind, where she remained as a pupil for twelve years, and then taught there for ten or twelve years.

She has a wonderful memory, and at an early age had committed to heart the first four books of the Old Testament and the four Gospels. Her hymns abound in Scripture phrases. She has written under more than thirty assumed names and initials. In 1858 she was married to Alexander Van Alstyne. Four volumes of her verse have been published—"The Blind Girl and Other Poems," in 1844; "Monte-rey and Other Poems," in 1849; "A Wreath of Columbia's Flowers," 1858; and "Bells at Evening," 1897. Among the musical friends for whom she has written have been Ira D. Sankey, W. B. Bradbury, Philip Phillips, Theodore E. Perkins, Robert Lowry, W. H. Doane, W. T. Sherwin, John R. Sweeney, W. J. Kirkpatrick, Silas Vail and L. H. Bigelow. In her youth she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church and its fellowship is still her comfort and delight.

This morning, at the request of many people who love the hymns of the blind saint, Mr. Sankey escorted her to the platform. She was introduced to the large audience by Mr. W. R. Moody, and made a fitting response, as follows:—

"The Lord hath done great things for me, for which I am glad; and I have had this morning to adopt the beautiful language: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name.' And while in imagination I look out upon the green hills and stately mountains that stand like sentinels around this holy place, my thoughts go back to the past, and I ask the question, 'Are we all here, all who were accustomed to meet here in days gone by?' and my heart answers, 'No, we are not all here.' We miss the tones of a gentle voice and the clasp of a friendly hand. But that hand is not far away; and, praise the Lord! his mantle has fallen upon the shoulders of one who will carry the precious burden, fulfilling the work that our dear friend has begun, until he, too, shall join the general assembly and church of the first born.

"Last summer, while I was on a visit to some friends in Sydney, a gentleman was going to Northfield, and I said: 'Now, when you come back, be sure and bring me a message from Mr. Moody and one from Mr. Sankey. Don't forget it.' He said, 'I won't.' And when he returned he told me that he was very successful in getting Mr. Sankey's message, and one evening, while Mr. Moody was standing by the carriage that was to take Mr. Morgan to New York he waited till Mr. Morgan had gone, and then went up to him and told him my request. Mr. Moody looked at him for a minute and said: 'Give her my love.' Oh, praise the Lord! I am so glad that I got that message. I have hidden it in the very depths of my soul as a precious treasure, and by and by when he and I meet in yonder

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blessed realm, he will remember it, and so will I. And, dear friends—

"Oh, the music rolling onward  
Through the boundless regions bright  
Where the King in all His beauty  
Is the glory and the light,  
Where the sunshine of His presence  
Every wave of sorrow stills,  
And the bells of joy are ringing  
On the everlasting hills!"

"Oh, the music rolling onward  
Like a mighty tide!  
Oft I seem to hear its echoes  
While to earth they softly glide;  
And there comes to me a vision  
That my soul with rapture thrills,  
For I stand by faith uplifted  
On the everlasting hills."

"When I wake amid the splendor  
That I see but dimly now,  
And behold the crown of jewels  
That adorns my Saviour's brow,  
Where eternal spring abideth,  
And the sky no darkness fills,  
How my grateful heart shall praise Him  
On the everlasting hills!"

— New York Tribune.

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### RELIABLE INFORMATION ABOUT OUR MISSIONARIES

MISS MIRANDA CROUCHER.

WE have been greatly shocked, on reaching Yokohama, to learn of the false report of Dr. Terry's death. That telegram must have been a piece of yellow journalism of the deepest dye, and cannot be too strongly censured. There was no reason for singling Dr. Terry out of all our number, especially as she left Tsinhua nearly two weeks before the others; and when she left there were no Boxer disturbances, although the drilling was going on in the city and throughout the district. Dr. Terry remained in Pekin after Conference to adjust some business matters connected with her own and Dr. Barrows' home-going. It was her intention to come to Tien-Tsin on the afternoon train of Monday, June 4, but, alas! the morning train which came through only by Mr. Pyke's insistence was the last to leave Pekin, and so she is still there with all our other dear friends. We are living in hope that no lives have been lost, but that seems at times too much to believe. The latest intelligence that the Powers have demanded to be placed in communication at once with the

foreign ministers, gives us a hope this morning that there will be a speedy termination to our suspense.

The lists I have seen in home papers of our missionaries and their whereabouts are so confused that I give you a list which is correct up to this date:—

*General Board Missionaries in Pekin.*—Rev. G. R. Davis, Rev. F. D. Gamewell and wife, Rev. H. E. King, Rev. G. W. Verity, Rev. W. T. Hobart, Dr. G. D. Lowry, Mrs. E. K. Lowry, Miss Alice Terrell.

*W. F. M. S. in Pekin.*—Mrs. C. M. Jewell, Dr. Anna D. Gloss, Dr. Edna G. Terry, Dr. E. E. Martin, Miss Gertrude Gilman, Miss Clara Martin.

*Missionaries of General Board in Tien-Tsin.*—Rev. J. H. Pyke, Mr. Martin, Mr. E. K. Lowry.

*W. F. M. S. in Tien-Tsin.*—Rachel R. Benn, M. D., who has remained to help with sick Chinese refugees and for Red Cross work.

*Missionaries of W. F. M. S. in Japan.*—Nagasaki, Miss Mary E. Shockley, Dr. Ida M. Stevenson; Yokohama, Miranda Croucher; Aoyama, Miss Ella E. Glover, Miss Frances O. Wilson.

*Families on their way home.*—Dr. N. S. Hopkins and family, Rev. J. F. Hayner and family, Mrs. G. D. Lowry and children, Mrs. H. E. King and children, Mrs. J. H. Pyke and children.

*W. F. M. S. gone home.*—Dr. Mary L. Barrows.

Mrs. G. W. Verity has escaped, and is now in Nagasaki. You may know all this, but the truth perhaps will bear repeating in such times. We of the W. F. M. S. who were in Tien-Tsin were cared for during the fearful siege in the home of Edmund Cousins, Esq., an earnest Christian gentleman, and the agent of Jadine & Matheson, the largest firm in the East. The other guests, numbering over forty, were mostly missionaries. He had a safe cellar to which we went during the shelling, though at the last we preferred to sit quietly working in the drawing-room, with three walls between us and the shells, rather than go to the cellar. The days of siege were very busy ones for us all. The large family necessitated some labor, and all day long we made caps of grey cloth to cover the white hats of the "blue-jackets," rolled bandages, stuffed and made pillows of camel's wool for the hospitals, rolled bandages for the wounded, and made night shirts and pajamas for the convalescing, and soups and food for the sick. To the fact that we were all so busy, we can place the reason why we have come out with nerves unshattered, if we cannot say unshaken. The shrieks of shells and the "zip," "zip," of bullets are not conducive to calmness of mind, and there is something simply demoralizing in watching the path taken by shrapnel and its bursting near one, which makes all one's courage run away from one's finger-tips. To fly to a cellar for safety from shells through a rain of spent bullets which still have force to wound and even kill, is, to say the least, a novel way of escaping danger.

You can imagine our feelings, after such experiences, to take up a home paper during a pause in the shelling and read some of the words of President McKinley at the Ecumenical Council, where he says missionary work is not any longer fraught with danger! Thank God that so many of us are safe, for terrible indeed would have been our fate had the allies not held out that week!

P. S. In mentioning the kindness of Mr. Cousins in affording us a refuge in our time of need, I must not omit to state that he also afforded the same refuge to over 550 Christian Chinese refugees of the various missions, and gave them rice-flour and water, so that they "ate to the full" throughout the siege and had protection from the enemy and the allies alike, for the latter even were seriously contemplating the turning out of the settlement of all Chinese, owing to the presence of spies in our midst, and the impossibility of distinguishing between the true and the false. Only Mr. Cousins' strenuous pleading, on the strength that they had earned their protection by working at barricades all over the settlement, and hauling guns to position, saved them. At this they worked night and day, with no distinction between preacher and coolie, often returning with sore bodies from the beating and kicks of those in charge, and once with bayonet thrusts of soldiers who made no distinction between a dog and a Chinese.

Yokohama, July 26.

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